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AND ILLUSTRATIVE SHORT STORIES

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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM CURRENT EVENTS,

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The Church Surrounded by Worldliness.

The recent violent and dangerous eruption of Mauna Loa, the great Hawaiian volcano, has called special attention to the new volcanic riches that have come under the Stars and Stripes by the acquisition of Hawaii. A traveler gives a very interesting description of the ascent of this fiery mountain. He says that in the ascent of Mauna Loa it is possible to keep the more traversible lava almost to the summit. At intervals the stream is interrupted by difficult blocks, but these difficult intervals are fortunately rare. The last thousand feet of altitude lie entirely in block lava and are very difficult to pass. It is bitter cold; each block of lava is as cold as a block of iron would be under the same exposure and the hands are numbed by touching the inhospitable surroundings in the hope of finding some assistance for the painful climb. The faint slope of the mountain continues as it has been from the very sea, no more than an easy grade. Approached from whatever side it may be the actual crater comes as a surprise. One draws back as though just caught in time from toppling over a precipice. In the heart of the summit waste of gigantic blocks the bottom is dropped out. The mountaineer discovers it by coming around the corner of a lava block and finding himself on the edge of a sheer descent of half a thousand feet. Standing in a snow bank he looks down on a lake just below him in which rocks are melted and flow like water. The condition of the Church in the world is something like that. It is a warm stream of love and sympathy flowing from the heart of God through the midst of the cold world. It is to be in the world melting its hard-heartedness, modifying its spiritual climate, transforming it, but never expecting to get help or sympathy from it. We are to be in the world and are to capture it for Christ, but not to compromise with it. (1)

The Strength of Love.

Petitions are being circulated for the pardon of a man who is serving a life sentence in the Kansas State Penitentiary, on very interesting grounds. The statement is made that the prisoner plead guilty to the charge of a murder which he never committed in order to save his sister, who was also innocent. It seems that he had found out that certain persons purposed to swear that a man who had been found dead was murdered by his sister, and in order to shield her he went before the court and swore that he committed the crime himself. It now appears that the man was not murdered at all, but died of apoplexy. It is certainly a very striking illustration of the power of a brother's love. Love is the mightiest factor in the world. When love and right join hands nothing can stand against them. (2)

The Unity of the Race.

When Peary, the Arctic explorer, returned from his last sojourn in the North, he brought back with him a little Eskimo boy named Mene. Scientific men have been watching his progress in school with a great deal of interest. He turns out to be a most brilliant youth. The advancement of this little waif of the North puzzles his teachers. Less than two years ago he landed in New York, a veritable little savage. He comes from a tribe of people who inhabit the most northern spot on the face of the earth. Their home is 600 miles within the Arctic circle, or about half way between the circle and the Pole. So far

north are they that they are completely isolated all the year round from the rest of the world. They know little or nothing of the outside world, have no religious ceremonies, and practically no concern for the future life, their only explanation of death being that when an Eskimo dies he has gone down in the water where there is better fishing and hunting. And yet, suddenly taken out of this darkness, little Mene shows a natural intelligence fully equal to that of the average child born of civilized parents. Very few children of this age make as rapid progress at school as he has made since last November, when he first entered school. Surely this ought to be an incentive to Christian people to carry the white light of the Gospel into the dark places of the earth. The human race is a unit; God has made us brethren, and we should act a brother's part in carrying the blessings we have to all the earth. (3)

Human Light Givers.

A physician in Sonora, California, says that a Mexican came to him one day and said that there was a man starving to death on the outskirts of the town. The physician went to the place indicated, but he had some difficulty in locating the man, as no one would go with him, all being frightened at what they called the fire man. "Is there anything curious about me?" the man immediately asked the doctor. "The people all shun me as they would the Evil one, and say I am the fire man. Shut the door and look at me." The doctor closed the door and windows, so that the room became perfectly dark, and then he saw that the man's face gave out light. The doctors say that there are a number of instances of luminous countenance, caused by electricity. These of course are only interesting exceptions, but it is possible for every one of us to have luminous souls that shall give forth a sweet and beautiful light that will not frighten people, but charm and bless them wherever we go. Christ designed that His people should be radiant; He said to His disciples that they were to be "the light of the world," and we should all reflect the light of our Lord. (4)

The Power of Sympathy

A physician who has reached great professional renown tells every young doctor in whom he feels an interest that cheering conversation, a hearty manner, awakening a patient's thoughts to other things than his malady, and other qualities supposed to make him popular are all very well in their way, but useless unless one thing more is added to them. No doctor should ever fail to return to the subject of his patient's illness before he leaves him. That should be the last subject he talks about. Without that addition to the other blandishments of a sick-room manner he will never get the full benefit of them. The sick man, or the sick woman, likes to believe that his or her illness is the most absorbing thing, and to realize that the doctor is thinking more of that than of anything else. If this is neglected the patient's thoughts are much inclined to dwell on what seems a slight neglect or indifference, and to a sick man that may assume importance. Cheerful talking about other matters is all very helpful in its way, but it is necessary always to get back to the source of the patient's chief interest in the end. All of us who seek to comfort people, and every Christian should be a comforter from God, may get a hint from this wise physician. To comfort others we must put ourselves in their place and make them feel that we realize their position, and have a heart overflowing with sympathy for them. (5)

Wayside Deeds of Mercy.

I went the other day to the funeral of a good woman. She was the widow of a minister who had preceded her to the heavenly world. She was not a brilliant woman, but one of those sweet, loving natures that go singing their way through all the burdens and sorrows of life, cheering up everybody they meet. This is the story that a successful young man of business with a brilliant prospect before him, told of her on the day of her funeral. Said he: "Three years ago I was out of work, out of money and tired nearly to death. I came into a little town, and, hungry and worn out, I lay down in a yard in front of the village church. While I lay there resting in the shade, a sweet-faced, motherly-looking woman came out on the porch of a little house across the street to water her flowers. Hungry as I was, I was hungrier yet to have some one speak kindly to me, and to come into friendly relations with some one. Obeying a sudden impulse I got up, went across the street, and asked for a drink of water. She brought it to me in the most gracious manner possible, and then evidently seeing how tired I looked, asked me to take a seat. With great delicacy she

drew out my story until I told her all that was in my heart. She took me into her dining room, gave me a meal as gently as she would have served her own son, and then after praying for me, and encouraging me, she made me take a little help, and I went on my way like a new man. All that I am, and hope to be, I owe to that hour's kindness received from that good woman." The young man came to the city of Cleveland, got work, showed excellent qualities in business, has been rapidly promoted and has every prospect of a fine success. What a blessed thing it is to be on the alert to give a "cup of cold water" when it is needed, and in the right spirit. (6)

Thow Out the Life Line.

There are no more heroic men living than the brave veterans who man the life-saving stations along our sea coast. They are the men who fight the greatest battles of modern times. In a single storm that swept the Atlantic coast last November, more lives were lost than were killed in battle on the American side during the entire progress of the war with Spain. The life-saver must possess virtues of the highest order; he must have courage, skill, good judgment, and discipline. He is exposed to danger and hardship in his ordinary line of duty, and must be ever ready to struggle with wind, weather and sea, under the worst conditions. In order to meet the requirements upon him he must keep himself in first-class form always. If that is true of the man who seeks to save men from drowning, how much truer it ought to be of the men and women who are seeking to save their fellows from being overwhelmed by the sins and sorrows of life. We should certainly seek to keep ourselves always in the best spiritual form. We can only do that by feeding on the Bread of Life, keeping fellowship with Christ, and disciplining ourselves by daily service of our fellow men. (7)

The Swarming of the Bees.

It is supposed that the honey bee was not native to America, but was brought to Florida by the early Spanish settlers. Jonathan Carver, an Englishman, explored Wisconsin and the great adjacent wooded regions in 1766 and '67, and published a book soon afterwards in which he mentioned the commonest insects discovered by him with great care, but in what afterwards was so great a bee territory, he found no honey bees at that time. A recent expert in such matters says that the honey bee was first noticed by white men in Kentucky in 1780 and west of the Mississippi in 1797. At the present day the industrious little honey gatherer is scattered over all parts of the country. The spreading of the Gospel is well illustrated by the spreading of the honey bees. We are to gather sweetness and yield it wherever we go, and the Christian church is to swarm and fly on and on, until its hives yield honey for all the world. (8)

Sham Strength.

The story is told of a man who after five attempts to get into the United States regular army, has at last been accepted. He was examined in the morning, and was found to be four pounds under weight. He was told to drink as much water as his stomach would comfortably hold and return after dinner. His weight was satisfactory at the afternoon examination and he was accepted. There are a good many men trying to get through the world on merit as poor as that. As such weight would soon vanish away, so all shams and humbugs will fail, and only real character and strength will stand their ground in the inevitable tests of life. (9)

The Advance of Civilization.

At last, it seems there is a fair chance of bull fights being put a stop to at Arles, France. The last which took place there, a little while ago, led to so strong a protest on the part of the majority of the women present that it does not seem probable that another exhibition of this sort will take place in the ancient arena. It seems that on this occasion no fewer than three horses were done to death under the most horrible circumstances. The wife of Frederick Mistral, a distinguished French poet, rose in her seat and loudly denounced the spectacle "as inhuman and barbarous in the extreme." A few years ago she would have been hissed, but now she was applauded to the echo, and as a result nearly every woman immediately afterwards left the arena. The outlook on humanity is often discouraging, and as the tide ebbs and flows we are often tempted to believe that the world is getting worse, but if we take observations with reference to a definite period of time,

we see that steadily the tide of goodness is rising among men; that the brute is being put under foot, and slowly but surely the Christ is coming to dominate the human heart. (10)

Kindness to Little Creatures.

James Russell Lowell had a tube laid from the water main in the street in front of his house in Cambridge, Massachusetts, for supplying with fresh water a dish intended to hold refreshment for squirrels and birds. About his house the squirrels and birds were never allowed to be disturbed. In front of his bedroom window, the good poet rejoiced to see a pair of gray squirrels make their nest, and in his last illness he took great pleasure in watching their gambols in their elm tree home. Many of the greatest men and women that have ever lived have had this spirit of kindness toward birds and animals. The development of such a spirit cannot fail to broaden and mellow the heart and life. (11)

Mother Love.

From a garden window in Twickenham, England, this little tragedy, which yet escaped being a tragedy, was witnessed: A nest of black birds had flown one morning and one of the young birds had decided to explore under some shrubs growing in the garden. A prowling cat sprang after the bird, and would have caught it, but at the same moment the mother bird flew down from a high tree growing just outside the garden, and, with extended wings and uttering a remarkably loud cry, hovered around the cat's head, dashing itself again and again with open beak against the cat. By this unexpected attack the would-be destroyer seemed entirely balked in his movements, and both birds flew up safely into the tree. Courage born of love never counts the majority that is against it. The mother love in that little black bird was a spark from the great heart of Him of whom it is said, "God is love." Love is indomitable and invincible. (12)

Giving Place to Wrath.

Discussing the awful disaster in Wisconsin, recently, Professor Garriott, of the weather bureau, says that when people see a funnel shaped cloud coming they should throw open every door and window in their houses, and then wait for the storm to pass over. He says that they will run the risk of course of having furniture and carpets damaged by the heavy rain that usually accompanies a tornado, but the house will not be carried into the next county nor be torn to pieces by the fury of the wind. The velocity of the wind causes a vacuum in the atmosphere. When the cloud reaches a house with all its doors and windows shut the four walls of the building must give way in that vacuum or the house is lifted from its foundation and is carried with the wind. When the destructive cyclone visited St. Louis a few years ago, many large and substantial houses were blown down. In the path of the storm were many frail houses, and sheds with plenty of ventilation that escaped without the loss of a shingle. That is on the same principle which Paul uses in his advice to us in the 12th chapter of his letter to the Romans, where he says, "Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath." Bow to it, as the willow bows to the wind. Throw open your doors and windows and let the storm go by. That is a great deal wiser than undertaking to bring about a judgment seat of your own before which to punish your enemy. (13)

Fragments of Christian Goodness Scattered Abroad.

There is a great petrified forest in Arizona which covers nearly one hundred square miles. The government explorers have christened it Chalcedony Park. The surface of the ground for miles and miles around is covered with gigantic logs three or four feet in diameter, petrified to the core. Many of them are translucent. Some are almost transparent. All present the most beautiful shades of blue, yellow, pink, purple, red and gray. Some are like gigantic amethysts; some resemble the smoky topaz, and some are as pure and white as alabaster. At places the chips of agate from the trunks that have crumbled lie a foot deep upon the ground, and it is easy to obtain cross-sections of trees showing every vein and even the bark. The Indians of the Southwest used to visit this petrified forest frequently to obtain agate for their arrow and spear heads, and the material was scattered over the entire continent by exchange between the different tribes, from the Isthmus of Panama to Behring Strait. The great deposit in this forest explains where all the arrow heads of moss agate came from, and other weapons and implements of similar material that are found in the Indian mounds and graves of the Central and Western

states. This is a good illustration of the way the beautiful graces of Christian character get scattered abroad in the world. Many people who are proud of their morality, and with the many charming characteristics of their lives, fail to understand that they owe these beautiful spiritual ornaments entirely to the existence of the Christian Church in the world. Many infidels, like the late Robert G. Ingersoll, talk eloquently about home, and friendship, and kindness as substitutes for Christianity, not understanding that these are only beautiful fragments taken from the great storehouse of Christianity, and could never have existed in their lives except for that Christian source. (14)

Working Without Smoke.

It is well known among scientific men that the development of smoke can to some extent be avoided where steam is being generated with soft coal, if proper pains are taken in the firing. The employment of smoke-preventing apparatus has been attended with good results in some cases, but it has been contended that it is unnecessary to resort to such devices. The development of smoke can be avoided if the coal is thrown upon the fire in the right manner, and certain precautions are observed with the draft. There are some people who throw off more smoke than they generate steam in their work, and there are many good workers whose usefulness is very largely neutralized because of the uncomfortable smoke of fretfulness and peevishness, and ill-temper thrown off while they work. The ideal way is to so do our work that we shall generate all the steam possible and throw no smoke into the faces of our fellow workers. (15)

Persistency Against Odds.

D'Urville's gallant battles with the ice pack in the Ant-Arctic circle were worthy of a place in the world's greatest stories of heroic exploration. On his first voyage he entered a dense pack in latitude 63 degrees south, the whole field glistening like alabaster in the bright sunlight. He tried to force his ship through, but was hemmed in during the night, when, to make matters worse, a gale arose and he describes his ships as being like two stags in a high walled park, pursued by relentless dogs in the shape of fragments of ice. The snow came on, and the ships were butted and shaken by the battery of floating ice blocks till he had to choose between being jammed and snowed up in the thick of it, or making a dash for the open sea. Choosing the latter course, he cut his way out with levers and saws through a vast tract of ice, at the rate of only a mile in ten hours. That is the stuff of which heroes are made. The same kind of pluck and perseverence in any honorable career brings success and develops a strong and noble character. (16)

The Roots of Life.

Let us never forget that the roots of life are in character. Reputation is what men see, but character is the unseen root upon which all the outer life depends. Some one has beautifully clothed this thought in a poetic garb:

"A Wild Rose grew by the pasture wall,
A beautiful shrub with branches tall,
With wonderful color and rich perfume,
A daisy looked up at her rosy bloom.
'Of which are you proudest, Rose so fair,
Of your stems or leaves or your flowers rare?'
'Of neither,' said Rose with a graceful bend,
'I am proudest of my roots, sweet friend.'
'Of your roots? Those ugly things down in the earth?'
Here all the daisies bent with mirth,
And a bobolink swinging on a twig
Sang and danced his loveliest jig—
'Of my roots,' said the Rose, 'for they work away,
Down there in the darkness, day after day,
Contented if only the flowers blow
Up here in the sun, while they toil below.'" (17)

American Spirit.

A recent writer in the Forum brings out with graphic force the great fact that what is known as "American Spirit" is a combination of many mingled strains. This nation owes

much to the English, to the English love of civil liberty, and to the sublime faith and undaunted heroism of English Puritanism; but it also owes much to the Dutch, to their thrift in business, to their hospitality, to science, and to the heroism which first established religious liberty in the world and opened the way for toleration of adverse opinion everywhere. We owe also a great deal to people of other nationalities, but that which has produced a distinctively American Spirit, more than anything else, has been the influences which these different peoples have exerted upon each other. No people can become Americans, even by living in America, if they are to hold aloof from the crowd. The American character is a composite one, the result of an intermingling—an intermingling which has been more complete upon this continent in the century just closing than anywhere else, or ever before in the world. If this is true, and it is certainly easily proved, any attempt to withdraw from earnest and responsible relations to the social, religious and political life of the people, and think only of our own personal career, is disloyal to the American spirit. This is a country of the people, and every citizen is under bonds to make his contribution to its wisdom and its strength. (18)

The Waste of Resources.

Li Hung Chang, the Chinese Solomon, once received a present of a magnificent cake, which he had reason to expect contained poison. He put the cake aside and set to work to get to the bottom of the plot. He traced the conspiracy to three men, one of whom was certainly guilty. Li had the three arrested and brought into his presence, where he received them in his courtliest manner. The cake was produced, with the remark that politeness forbade his tasting it until the three generous donors had had an opportunity to enjoy its excellence. Li cut the cake and one of his servitors handed it to the unwilling guests. Each took a piece and ate, or pretended to eat it. One crumbled the pieces and let them fall upon the floor, but the other two ate calmly without manifesting any emotion. Ten minutes passed and the two men began to show symptoms of suffering. Li smiled benignantly and said to the man who had not eaten: "Your wisdom is so great that I am compelled to preserve your head as a souvenir to transcendent genius." The man was removed and promptly decapitated. To the other two the Premier remarked: "The cake that you are eating is not the one you sent, but one which I had my cook imitate. The poison from which you are suffering exists only in your imagination. I know of no way to cure your present pain except by letting you share the same fate as your friend who has just left the room." As they were led away the statesman said to his retinue: "It is a pity that a man who can eat a deadly corrosive poison with an unmoved countenance should so misapply the talent wherewith Heaven has endowed him." How often we see people who exhibit sufficient skill and wisdom, in a shameful and disgraceful way of life, and give themselves up with a devotion, and a self-denial to evil ways, that if it were given to righteousness, and exerted in an honorable career, would bring them to great fame and eminence, and cause them to be a conspicuous success in the world. It often costs men more to fail than it would to succeed. (19)

Spiritualistic Frauds.

A few weeks after the death of the late Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, a leading spiritualistic medium of Boston was announced to give a seance in Lyric Hall, New York City, at which Ingersoll would speak in the spirit. Between two and three hundred people paid an admission fee to hear the voice of Ingersoll from the other world. But the Colonel failed to appear. The conversation was delayed so long that the audience became impatient, and some unruly ones threatened to have vengeance. At last the medium suddenly went into a trance, and in deep unnatural tones he began: "I am the spirit of the late George Chapman. I bring Colonel Ingersoll with me. (Here an elderly woman in the audience jumped up and exclaimed rapturously: 'I knew they'd fetch him. Just give them time and have faith!') I passed out of this life eleven years ago. I bring the Colonel with me, but he's very weak; he cannot talk to you as he would like to. His voice is weak and you may not recognize him at first." After the spirit of Chapman had chattered away awhile, the medium hesitated for a moment, had a few more contortions, and then said: "The Colonel won't be able to talk to you to-night. He has not been long enough in the spirit world to comply with the spirit laws." It seems almost impossible that the gullibility of human

nature should continue to be wild enough to endure such things as that, at this, the dawn of the twentieth century. (20)

The Bell of Deliverance.

There is a bell hanging in one of the churches at Ladenburg, Germany, which has a very interesting story connected with it. A long time ago, about A. D. 1513, a young lady of the noble family of Sickingen was returning home to Ladenburg from a visit to a neighboring village. An unexpected snowstorm brought on darkness before she could reach the town. At that period there were still remains of forest in the wide surrounding plain. The mantle of snow soon obliterated the roads. In this condition of things, the young lady soon lost her way, and wandered helplessly about in the dark wintry night. In her distress of bewilderment and despondency, she prayed ardently to Heaven for deliverance. When hope had well nigh died in her bosom, she heard the peal of a bell. She hastened in the direction of the sound and as the bell continued to sound, she still followed till at length she found herself under the wall of Ladenburg. In grateful commemoration of this deliverance, her father, Count Hans von Sickingen, founded a charity of six hundred bushels of wheat to be distributed every year among the poor of the town, with the additional stipulation that forever after a bell should sound from that church tower at the same hour of the night that brought deliverance to the young girl. That was but a natural gratitude. How much more grateful should our hearts be as Christians who have been delivered from the bondage of our sins. If we are safe, and deliverance has come to our children and loved ones, gratitude for God's goodness to us should inspire us to ring the Gospel bell until every other lost soul shall hear and be saved. (21)

Wasting Precious Treasure.

Commander Todd, of the United States Gunboat Wilmington, who has been exploring the Amazon River, says that the only product of importance in the whole valley of the Amazon is rubber, and the status of this industry is a serious problem. All the river towns are depopulated at certain seasons, when the inhabitants go in their canoes to the network of tributary streams to collect the rubber from the trees. No systematic attempt is made at cultivating the rubber trees, and the methods employed by the Indians kill all the trees operated on each season. There is a comforting belief extant among the people that the supply of rubber is inexhaustible, and that the trees cover the whole of the Amazon valley. The officers of the Wilmington, however, learned enough on the subject to feel sure that there are no immense forests of rubber trees and that they grow singly or in small groups close along the banks of the stream. Commander Todd suggests that it would be the part of prudence for the governments of the various states in the Amazon valley to take measures for preserving the forests and cultivating the trees in plantations, in order to guard against the serious results which would follow a sudden collapse of this great industry. One of the chief sins of ignorance is waste, and one of the significant characteristics ever present in the beginning of Christian civilization in a country, is the increased interest shown in the husbanding of resources. Heathen lands are poor, because they waste the good gifts of God in their ignorance. Christian lands are rich and are ever growing richer, because they in ever increasing degree learn to obey the command of Christ to "gather up the fragments that nothing be lost." (22)

Giddy Souls.

Many persons who visit Niagara Falls find they have a great desire to leap from various points on the several bridges or from one of the numerous points of observation. For this reason, after once having experienced the fascinating sensation that coaxes them on to death in the deep and rapid running waters, they never go near any of the seductive points without being in company with some one who will guard them from harm. There is something like that in soul experience to many people upon reaching the giddy heights of prosperity and success. Many men who have been reliable and conscientious in days of poverty and hardship have fallen over the precipice of dishonor by becoming giddy at their own prosperity. We should not forget that success has its temptations as well as defeat, and they are of the most subtle and fascinating kind. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." (23)

The Most Precious Jewel.

A vase cut from a single emerald has been preserved in a cathedral in Genoa, Italy, for 600 years. It is twelve and one-half inches in diameter, and five and three-fourths inches in height. Every precaution is used to insure safe-keeping. Several locks must be opened to reach it, and the key of each lock is in the possession of a different man. It is publicly exhibited very rarely and then only by order of the senate. A precautionary decree was issued in 1476 forbidding all persons to approach the priceless treasure too closely. An antiquarian advances the theory that it was one of the gifts made Solomon by the Queen of Sheba, and has written a book to prove his assumption. This is certainly a very interesting gem, but the most interesting jewel in the world is not an emerald but a pearl. Jesus says about it, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman, seeking goodly pearls; who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had and bought it." (24)

Selfishness Overreaching Itself.

It is a curious quirk of labor leader logic which has led some self-appointed labor leaders to adopt as friendly to laboring men a scheme which for centuries has been regarded by laborers as a mark of oppression, well nigh of slavery. These deluded labor leaders are asking the different city governments to pass ordinances restricting employment on the street railways to residents of the city of long standing, or, as in some cases, to men who have had experience in the city where they seek employment. The purpose of these attempts is, of course, to put the railroads at the mercy of strikers by preventing the importation of laborers from other cities. As a matter of fact, it would place on laborers a restriction such as Russia enforces to-day, and such as in the Middle Ages tied workingmen to their homes and left them at the mercy of neighborhood employers. It is one of the great privileges of our modern freedom that the man out of work may seek it wherever it is to be found. One locality can not be reserved for one body of workers without wronging others who have a right to enter it. "No man liveth unto himself." (25)

The Stamp on the Heart.

In making an excavation near an Indian mound at Marietta, Indiana, Professor Gilmore has found three ancient silver pieces, one a coin and the others shields, the three hanging together by a triangle of gold. The coin is the size of a dime; on its face is a king's head, bearing a crown and sceptre. The reverse side is a cross with two bars, extending from edge to edge and in each angle there is a six-pointed star or blossom. The coins are supposed to be of Scottish origin, made at the time when the Romans controlled the British Isles. The human heart bears the stamp of the great king. It may be covered up and obscured by years of sin and folly, but if you dig deep enough you will find that the image of the King has been stamped there. It is the glorious privilege of the Christian to uncover these lost coins of the heart and bring them forth again to be of service in the world's advancement and of joy and glory to our King. (26)

Cold at the Heart.

A battle with real snowballs took place in a Philadelphia coal yard during last July. A driver of one of the wagons backed up to a bin and began to load up with coal dust. After he had penetrated a few feet into the pile, he ran his shovel into a bank of pure, white snow. He could hardly credit his senses, and thought he was dreaming until he reached down and made a snowball. With this he pelted one of the yard employes, and in a short time clerks and all hands left their work and gathered about the snow pile, and indulged in a genuine battle. The explanation is that the bin was empty during the big blizzard in February and the coal dust was dumped in on top of the snow. The dust kept the snow from melting until it was uncovered by the driver. Many people are like that. They have been so hedged about by Christian influences that their outward manners and habits are very much like Christians, but at heart they are cold and hard. Their seeming Christianity is all on the outside. The heart has never been melted down by genuine repentance of sin and love for Christ. They need to hear and heed Paul's strong words, "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." (27)

Unfinished Work.

Men are often discouraged because their work at best seems so fragmentary. Even men who had lived long lives seem to leave many a piece of work broken in the middle. It is well for us to comfort ourselves with the assurance that God watches over all the work and fits one life into another, and one worker follows another under his guidance. Helen F. Boyden sings this thought with great clearness:

"Unfinished! 'tis an echo still
That haunts us at our daily task;
Sometimes we do not know God's will,
Sometimes we do not dare to ask.

Mayhap what seems so uncomplete
Is finished in the thought divine,
While self-wrought work laid at his feet,
Is but an ill begun design.

"There is no 'broken hour' to God,
No 'interruption' in His plan,
And if we take the path He trod
We find revealed His will for man." (28)

The Glory of Life.

On the bell of a small village church in the east of Germany there is carved the figure of a cornstalk. The cornstalk has an interesting story connected with it. When the church was built the poor people had spent all their money and had nothing over with which to buy a bell to hang in the tower. One day, when the schoolmaster was going to the service he saw growing out of a crack in the old crumbling wall of the churchyard a green stalk of corn. The idea suddenly struck him that perhaps this green stalk of corn, on what we call the "snowball plan," which grows bigger as it rolls on, might be made the means of getting the coveted bell. He waited until the cornstalk was golden ripe and then plucked the small ears that were on it, and sowed them next Spring in his garden. In the Autumn time he gathered the little crop thus produced, and sowed it again, till at last he had not room enough in his garden for the harvest. So he divided the seeds among a certain number of farmers, who went on sowing the produce until in the eighth year the crop was so large that when it was put together and sold, they found they had money enough to buy a large and beautiful bell, and they carved upon it the story of its origin, and the stalk of corn to which it owed its existence. The most glorious thing about life is its power to reproduce itself. If one had choice between a handful of wheat and a handful of diamonds, they would of course take the diamonds, but if that were the only wheat in the world, every grain of the handful would be worth more than the finest diamond in Queen Victoria's crown. The diamond has no power to reproduce itself, but that handful of wheat cast into the earth's bosom could be made to multiply until it would feed the millions of mankind with bread. It was a wonderful thing that Jesus said when He declared of His mission, "I am come that ye might have life and have it more abundantly." (29)

The Strong Bearing the Burdens of the Weak.

One day last summer a thirteen-year-old school boy was summoned home from his boarding school at Linz to attend his father's funeral in Vienna. The lad was without traveling companions, and while waiting on the platform at Linz began to cry bitterly. His distress was noticed by a lady in a first-class compartment, who summoned the guard and had the boy brought to her. She paid his excess fare for traveling first-class, and devoted herself to the task of comforting him and relieving the tedium of the long journey to Vienna, telling him that she, too, had suffered much from the loss of a parent who had died suddenly and unexpectedly in a foreign land. The school boy was not a little astonished at the end of the journey to learn that the kind-hearted lady was the Arch-Duchess Valerie, daughter of the Emperor. It is through such deeds we imitate Him, "Who was rich and yet for our sakes became poor." (30)

Free Will and Its Responsibilities.

In England, if a man happens to inherit a peerage he experiences the utmost difficulty in escaping the honor. A few years ago Lord Coleridge, at that time a lawyer with a moderate practice, inherited the Barony of his father without, however, a penny of the estate. Lord Coleridge was at that time distinguishing himself in Parliament, and was most strongly averse, both on political and professional grounds, to assume his father's peerage. The law officers of the Crown, however, decided that he must become a peer of the realm, whether he liked it or not. He had no power of choice in the matter. Every man born into the world belongs to the royal family, as the child of God. It is possible for us, however, by rebellion to forfeit our rights as a prince of the realm. We may make ourselves aliens through our own folly. This is the seriousness, the solemnity of our free will. (31)

A Father's Love.

A traveler in the tropics tells of a native who killed a monster anaconda snake without any weapon, to save his child which was about to be destroyed by the creature. The ten-year-old boy was playing in the water when the serpent crept upon him, and had involved him in his coils before it was perceived. The boy screamed for help, and as the animal was drawing the coils tighter, the frantic father rushed to the spot, seized the anaconda boldly by the head and tore its jaws asunder. What strength there is in the figure used to describe God's tenderness toward His children, by the sacred writer, when he says, "As a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." (32)

Passing Kindness on to Others.

The best way of expressing gratitude for kind deeds that have been shown us is to repeat the deeds, at least in their spirit, as we have opportunity, to others who may be blest by our kindness. There is no way that we can show our love and gratitude to a noble father, or mother, or to loved friends who have bestowed upon us great gifts of kindness during their lives, than to imitate their great example and pass on the comfort we have received in weary hearts that may be refreshed by it. Some one sings very sweetly:

"Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears—
Pass it on." (33)

Doing God's Will.

A fisherman at Douglas, Massachusetts, last year brought up on his line an old rawhide case about two inches in circumference and ten inches in length, which, upon being cut open, was found to contain the will made by one John Coffin, dated March 3, 1646, duly signed and witnessed, and bearing the official stamp of Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of England. How this will came to be lost and thus missed its purpose no one can tell. We know too well, however, what a fragile thing is the human will in achieving its purposes, except where it is in harmony with the will of God. The limitations of human power are reached on every side, but if we submit our will to God, and pray with Christ, "Thy will be done," we gather to our aid irresistible strength. (34)

Sin an Invader.

In connection with the death of Sir Lambert Playfair, the story has been told of the way in which, when stationed at Aden many years ago, he heard of the presence of a French frigate in the Red Sea, whereupon he rode over to Perim and hoisted the Union Jack. The French government complained to the British of his conduct, and the British government referred the matter to the East India Company's officials at Bombay, who were at that time responsible for the administration of Aden. A clerk was ordered to look up Perim in the archives. On doing so, he made the astonishing discovery that Perim had actually been occupied in 1799, when Napoleon was in Egypt. The British force had been withdrawn as soon as Egypt was evacuated by the French. The company's officials thereupon made the triumphant reply: "We do not understand the French objection. Perim has

been British for over fifty years. It was first occupied in 1799." And with this explanation the French had to be content. Man belongs to God by the right of creation and early occupation. Sin is an invader. The devil has no right to the human heart. When we ask a man to be a Christian we ask him to come home, to come back to the natural allegiance of the human heart. (35)

Dangerous Carelessness.

In a large office block in New Orleans, not long ago, a lawyer and a broker got into a discussion concerning the carelessness shown by responsible citizens in signing petitions and such papers without reading them. It ended by the lawyer offering to wager that he could get forty signatures of well-known business men to an absurd petition within two hours. The other accepted the wager, and they drew up a petition to the governor, starting out with a long preamble, the substance of which was that one of the most distinguished judges of the state was a menace to the public on account of his phenomenal stupidity, and wound up by requesting the governor to order him to be hanged immediately. Armed with this interesting document, the lawyer went the rounds of the block. He would come into an office and say, "Here's an invitation to Judge ——— to deliver a lecture on Roman law, I want you to sign it. Shall I read it to you?" "Good heavens! No!" the other man would say, as soon as he glanced at the mass of writing, and down would go his signature. Incredible as it may seem, he got forty-four signers in less than two hours, and won his wager, which was based on forty. Out of the whole crowd he encountered only one man who insisted on reading the document before affixing his name. He happened to be a bitter political enemy of the Judge, and when he got through he smiled grimly. "I'll sign that with pleasure," he said, "and I'm so glad so many other citizens feel the same way." But, leaving him out, there were forty-three intelligent men, lawyers, doctors, merchants, brokers, bankers, manufacturers, and other representative citizens who had deliberately but unwittingly signed a petition to hang a greatly honored Judge. When some of them heard what they had done they were highly indignant and it is to be hoped they were taught a valuable lesson. Many frauds go on their way without danger of punishment because of the indifference and easy good nature, which is really a species of laziness, on the part of responsible citizens. (36)

An Infidel's Death Bed.

The Omaha World-Herald, in a remarkable article written in the most kindly spirit, in which the writer pays a very high tribute to the kindness and gentleness that pervaded the home life of the late Robert G. Ingersoll, calls special attention to the utter hopelessness of Ingersoll's family at his death. The author of the article says: "Ingersoll never intended cruelty, but what a cruel result do we observe today in the Ingersoll home as a result of the Ingersoll teachings. In this consideration we need not manifest concern for the man himself. But of what benefit was it that such a man as Ingersoll should live and be loved if existence and affections perished at his death? What profit was it that such a man as Ingersoll should form human ties, rear children, teach them to love him with a love beyond expression, if death was obliteration to the best products of life?" There is no answer to these questions in the empty logic of the agnostic. Hope, Faith and Love is the Christian's trinity, of which Faith is the keystone. Remove it and neither Hope nor Love can find consolation in the presence of death. (37)

Master the Clouds.

We are all of us largely masters of our own meditations and topics of thought. Paul knew what he was about when he named over a long list of beautiful and lovable and noble themes of consideration and then said with an arbitrary command of a general to his troops, "Think on these things." It is not necessary for any of us to give ourselves up to what is commonly called the "blues." We may by God's help compel our minds to look on the brighter side of life. Mrs. Farningham has good reason for her song:

"Be master of the clouds,
Let them not master thee;
Compel the sunshine to thy soul,
However rough the sea.

Be thou of good cheer yet,
Tho' dark and drear the way;
The longest night wears on to dawn,
And dawn to perfect day.

Thus shalt thou know the blush
Of happy, radiant days;
For he who trusts God in the dark,
Is taught new songs of praise." (38)

The Broken Heart.

Modern science shows that what has been said about the effect of violent strains or emotions upon the heart has facts to back it up. The most searching investigation shows clearly that the poetical fear of death of a broken heart is not pure creation of a romantic imagination. People do die of broken hearts, or rather of grief. Romance has it that Napoleon, for instance, died of a broken heart, and it is true that the complaint that caused the great man's end would not have been so soon fatal had it not been for the depression resulting from defeat. Medical science has recorded numerous cases where grief has prostrated and brought on physical disease and death. What infinite tenderness there is in the divine condescension which takes the broken hearts of men and women and heals them. The Psalmist says, "A broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." And Jesus in his first sermon at Nazareth declared, "He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted." (39)

Abundance But no Waste.

Until the present day the fresh water clam has stood for the synonym for all that is stupid, uninteresting and useless. But the long and peaceful repose has been rudely broken, and the despised clam is beginning to furnish the back bone of a new industry along the Mississippi River. The realization that the millions of clam shells washed up on the beach of the Father of Waters, may be turned to practical account is slowly dawning on the people. Already thousands of men, women and children are engaged in gathering these clam shells, and manufacturing from them pearl buttons. The shells are made by the million, are easy of access, make a beautiful button, and the buttons are in constantly increasing demand. So it shall be found at last that God has made nothing in vain. God is generous, He gives His children abundance, but there is nothing intended for waste. (40)

The Tides of Life.

Always through the ocean the raging tides are sweeping with flux and counter flux, like enormous arteries throbbing under the bright vesture of the sea. There are the diurnal tides that flow and ebb and pause and flow again continually, hung in space with the thrust of the sun and the pull of the moon they swing around the earth. But to us by the shore they seem only streaming currents of blue or greenish water. Then there are the greater tides—properly speaking, ocean currents—which have their bounds and frontiers, their apportioned cycles to journey, shores to scour, reefs to thread, islands to build, and unknown depths to traverse. Bliss Carmen, commenting on this, calls attention to the fact that there are tides of the mind also. Each individual mind might be compared to an insignificant rock pool on our granite coast. It may be sleeping idly in the sun and thought to be at best the overplash of a storm soon to become stagnant, to evaporate and pass away. But such a thought would be a mistake; each individual mind has somewhere out of sight a hidden passage of communication with the great deep eternally breaking down the shore. (41)

The Pure Heart.

In the Bahama Islands, which are of coral rock formation, the traveler may often see wells of sweet water within a few feet of the sea, that rise and fall regularly with the tide, yet are always fresh and wholesome to drink; so perfect is the filtering alchemy of the coral earth through which the salt sea finds its way into the well. There are minds and hearts of this sort, able to keep always in close touch with the vast profound of truth, and able at the same time to transmit in some way the salt water from the sea of knowledge into a refreshing cordial for their fellow-men. Some people from out of the salt ocean of sorrow and trial are able to filter the sweetest comfort and sympathy, so that forever after their

own great trials, they are wells of sweet water where fainting souls are made to hope again. Such hearts might be the fountain spring of that stream of which the poet sings:

"Go forth and brighten faces, my stream;
Who drink it shall not thirst again;
No darkness stains its equal gleam
And ages drop in it like rain." (42)

The Buried Bells.

A company of prospectors recently started out from San Diego, California, on a quest similar to that for the Holy Grail, or the Golden Fleece, and one which will probably be as barren of results. The expedition is one of search for the fabled three consecrated golden bells of the last mission of Santa Ysabel, in Baja, Lower California. The legend is that the famous gold placers of the peninsula, then a virgin field, produced the precious metal in such quantities that the strong boxes of the priests were soon filled to overflowing. The altar ornaments were of pure gold, cast in crude molds, designed and made by the monks. It was the reported richness that originated the first raids by brigands and outlaws from the mainland. These robbers had no compulsions against looting the mission treasury, foraging on its larder and orchards, and driving off the flocks, but they are said to have had a holy fear of consecrated vessels. Knowing this, the priests cast their chests of virgin gold into chalices, crucifixes, baptismal fonts, and such things, until they had as many as they could possibly find excuses for, and still they had a large amount of gold on hand. Finally they decided to cast the remainder into the bells for the mission, and the legend has it that about 750 pounds Troy, valued at $150,000 in gold, was cast into the three bells which rang out their sweet music on the day they were consecrated, with great pomp and solemnity. After awhile the mission was over-run by brigands and Indians, and the priests hid away the three bells and made their escape. Whether there is anything in the old legend or not, it is certainly true that there are many men and women among us who have been over-run by brigand passions and lusts until they have hidden away in the deep caves of worldliness the golden bells of faith, and hope, and love, that alone can make music worthy of the human soul. When one becomes a Christian these bells are brought out again to sound forth the notes of heavenly joy. (43)

Co-operation.

In the wreck on the Erie Railroad last July an impressive scene was witnessed in the efforts of the passengers and crew to save a part of the train from fire. Instead of the agonizing cries which usually follow a wreck an almost death like silence prevailed, and there was scarcely a shriek or a moan. The rear sleeper and two day coaches were saved from fire which had burst out in the front of the train, by all the passengers and train men working together. The rain was falling in torrents, and men and women worked together pulling the cars away from the burning wreck until their safety was assured. Great things can be done in a church where a hearty spirit of co-operation prevails. The Christian religion is peculiarly a religion of co-operation. The ratio by which power is multiplied is very great when good people work together for a righteous cause. It is set forth in the promise, "One shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight." (44)

Life Long Dicipline.

One of the distinguished officers in the war with Spain, and afterward in putting down the rebellion in the Philippines, has worn an army uniform since he was thirteen years old. At that youthful age he enlisted as a bugler, but at the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted in the Union Army. At the close of the war he went to the plains, where he won considerable fame as an Indian fighter. From a private in the ranks he has come to be a Colonel, and is honored as a splendid soldier. Youthful discipline always tells in every department of human life. Paul in his second letter to Timothy refers to the great blessing Timothy had enjoyed in having been brought up a Christian from his childhood. He says, "When I called to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice; and I am persuaded that in thee also." Those of us who have been brought up in Christian homes, and have had the blessing of discipline in Christian work from childhood, can never pay the debt of gratitude we owe to God for that great blessing. (45)

The Folly of Anxiety About To-morrow.

We should not be anxious for to-morrow, because in doing so we unfit ourselves for doing our work well to-day. The best preparation for to-morrow is a well lived to-day. Many threatened troubles are like clouds that threaten rain, but are driven off by the wind and are never seen again. Lettie S. Bigelow sings a very helpful lay about "The Troubles that do not Come." She says:

"Of the hard and weary loads
'Neath which we bend and fall,
The troubles that do not come
Are the heaviest ones of all.

For grief that cuts like a knife
There's oil of comfort and cure,
And the Hand which binds the weight
Brings strength and grace to endure.

But to phantoms of pain and woe
The lips of Pity are dumb,
And there's never oil or wine
For troubles that do not come.

Then take the meal that is spread,
And go with a song on thy way,
And let not the morrow shade
The sunshine and joy of to-day." (46)

Keep the Signal Flying.

A wreck occurred on the Jersey Central Railroad recently because the danger signal was not seen. A coal train was stalled at the station and the conductor, knowing that a passenger train was about due, sent a train hand up the road with a red flag to stop the train. The man placed the flag on a stick and then returned to the coal train. The wind wrapped the flag around the stick so tightly that it escaped the notice of the engineer of the passenger train. The winds of worldliness will destroy your signal as a Christian or make it of no effect, unless you are careful to keep it waving. Let there be no wreckage because your signal fails to be shown. (47)

Visions of Beauty.

It is proposed at the Buffalo Exposition to have the most brilliant and startling electrical illumination that has ever been seen in the world. Niagara Falls will be transformed into a flood of fire. The seething, roaring torrent will be ablaze with all the hues of the spectrum. The idea is to erect a series of tall towers on both the American and Canadian sides of the river. On the top of these lofty spires, huge electric searchlights will be placed in such manner that they may be played on any part of the falls. It is presumed that a very dazzling effect will be produced when a score of these powerful instruments of illumination are brought to bear upon the rushing waters as they tumble irresistibly over the rocky ledge into the depths beneath. A constant change of colors will be used in the manipulation of the searchlights, so that now the falls will be like molten silver, again a flood of crimson, again as green as old ocean itself, and so on through the whole gamut of the painter's palette. The astonishing effect will be still further heightened by the use of electric arc lights in the Cave of the Winds, which will give to the water as it falls in front of it a weird phosphorescent glow. The power for this record-making illumination will be all within easy reach, as Niagara will itself be made to do the necessary work. When the hand of man on natural scenery can produce visions of such interest and beauty, what may we not expect of heaven, when the God who made Niagara shall illuminate the skies, to welcome the ransomed millions who have sworn allegiance to His Son. (48)

The Most Beautiful Necklace.

What is considered by the jewelers to be the most remarkable diamond necklace in the world, has just been completed in London. About twelve years ago the largest handler in the world of diamonds in the rough was instructed to begin the collection of stones for this necklace. This dealer is in London, and no where else could any one be found through whose hands enough diamonds would pass in a generation from which to make such a collection. The instructions to the dealer were that every stone must be of the grade known in the trade as a gem, that the color must be blue-white and each jewel capable of being cut into the perfect form to develop brilliancy and fire. The collection of the stones was begun at once, and only a few months ago the last stone of the lot was picked out in the rough, and they are now being cut and mounted. Although there was no requirement that this should be so, every stone, as it happens, came from the same African mine, and this, no doubt, helps to give them the evenness of effect which is one of the most remarkable traits of the necklace. This wonderful necklace contains forty-seven stones which are valued at $150,000.

But I know of a necklace far more valuable than that. It is described in the third chapter of the Book of Proverbs: "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies; and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her: and happy is every one that retaineth her. * * * * My son, let them not depart from thine eyes: keep sound wisdom and discretion: so shall they be life unto thy soul, *and grace to thy neck.*" (49)

Dismantled But Safe in the Harbor.

A bark came into New York harbor last summer with all three of her top masts missing, and her fore mast leaning over to starboard at an angle of forty-five degrees, but she had not lost a man, and she brought her cargo safe into the port. The log book had a fearful story to tell of a terrible night, when in the heavy rolling the fore mast gave way at the cap. The main top mast was pulled down with the fore top mast. The mizzen top mast held for awhile, but finally fell over. The fore mast looked as if it would go over the side any minute. A steel hawser was bent to it and the mast was secured after a hard night's work. And so with only a fore sail the brave bark crept in toward the end of her journey. There is no use giving up in discouragement because we face the storm with tattered sails and many ambitions and hopes broken down. The salvation is for him "who endureth unto the end." If part of our strength is gone, let us make secure what is left. If some things we have dreamed are impossible to us, God has something else yet in store if we are faithful. If we stand by and do our best we shall come into the harbor at last with our precious cargo safe and sound. (50)

"DON'T TALK TO US ABOUT DISEASE; IT'S *BREAD* WE WANT, *BREAD!*"

From "The Workers—The West." Charles Scribner's Sons.

CURRENT ANECDOTES

A paper furnishing illustrations and their morals, for religious public speakers.

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Announcement.

The reason for the appearance of Current Anecdotes is readily seen by a glance at the contents of the initial number. The demand for definite, particular information that insures the saving of time is strong in these days in all kinds of business. The use of illustrative short stories to bring out some text or impress some truth in the sermon has become general, and, in fact, the preachers who are reaching the people and are most successful in spiritual results, are the ones who use such illustrations most freely. An example of this statement is Dwight L. Moody. In fact, no well-known preacher or evangelist of the day ignores the helpfulness of such illustration and story. And there is no reason why he should, because Jesus himself "taught them (the great multitude) many things by parables." Every minister who looks over a copy of Current Anecdotes knows already the value of illustrative stories.

The general departments have been determined upon, but if requests to the number of ten or more be sent in requesting the addition or discontinuance of any department we will consider the requests carefully.

Current Anecdotes is designed to bring together a collection of such anecdotal illustrations for the easy access of preachers and religious speakers or teachers. In addition to the anecdotes themselves, an applicable moral is drawn from each, but many will prefer to draw their own. The illustrations by Dr. Banks and most of those in the departments are drawn from current events, rendering the material fresh, up-to-date and particularly interesting and desirable. We do not attempt to enter the fields of theology, homiletics, or missionary, pastoral or religious educational work. There will be no denominational characteristics in the illustrations, the matter furnished being appropriate for any evangelical pupil.

A publication similar to the one we have above outlined has been published for the past four years as "Cut Gems," by Rev. George W. Plack, at Troy, N. Y. Cut Gems has been purchased and incorporated with Current Anecdotes.

Moody and Illustrations.

It was near Christmas-time, and many of the shop windows were filled with Christmas presents and toys. A gentleman passing along saw three little girls standing before a shop window. Two of them were trying to describe to the third the things that were in the window. It aroused his attention and he wondered what it could mean. He went back and found the middle one was blind, and her two sisters were endeavoring to tell her how the things looked. The gentleman stood beside them for some time and listened; he said it was most interesting to hear them trying to describe the different articles to the blind child—they found it a difficult task.

"That is just my position in trying to tell other men about Christ," said Mr. Moody in a meeting at Baltimore; "I may talk about Him; and yet they see no beauty in Him that they should desire Him. But if they will only come to Him, He will open their eyes and reveal Himself to them in His loveliness and grace." At the close of this meeting an infidel reporter, who had said that Moody made up his illustrations and who came to the meeting to expose him, asked Mr. Moody where he read the incident. In a Boston paper, was the reply. It is true, said the reporter, for I wrote it myself. And the incident led to the reporter's conversion.

DEPARTMENTS.

Incidents Old and New, Biography, History, Art, Poetry, Hymnology, etc.

Edited by F. M. Barton.

GLEANED FROM LIFE.

Without God and Without Hope.

Several years ago two men owned a small steambarge on Lake Michigan. They quarreled, and one thought if he could get the boat into the next district he would have a better chance to get control of it. It was about 400 or 500 tons and usually carried an engineer, fireman, captain, mate and watchman. The one went down to the boat one night and fired up until there was enough steam. He then cast off the lines, started the engines and ran up to the pilot house and steered the steamer out of the harbor. Then lashing the wheel so she would steer straight he put more coal on, put the lever out another notch, saw that there was enough water in the boiler and went back to the wheel in the pilot house. The law requires a vessel to carry after sunset a red light on the left or port and a green light on the right side or starboard, and also a light at the masthead. But he thought that if the boat were missed he would be pursued and if he had the lights up be captured. True he ran the risk of having some boat run into him, but he thought he could look out for himself. Bye and bye he passed another vessel carrying lights according to law. He made a resolution to put up the masthead light at least, but wouldn't obey all the law. So he got it out and lighting it started to hoist up. It weighed eight or ten pounds and the rope was old, so that when he had pulled it up a few feet the rope broke and falling the lamp struck him on the head and knocked him senseless. There was the boat rushing through the waters, liable to run into a steamer or be run into and sure to run ashore in a few hours. There was the furnace roaring down in the hold and the water running low and the engines pounding away and driving the boat on to destruction. Surely this is a faithful picture of a man without God and without hope in the world. First he thinks he can take care of himself and needs no guidance—selfish and headstrong. Then he concludes to make some good resolutions, self-righteousness, willing to show his morality, but not willing to obey by putting up the red light of salvation, or the green light of faith. But his resolutions are like the rotten rope, the weight of the lamp, his fallen nature, is too much for it and he falls into the unconscious state of continually rejecting God. In this case, like that of the prodigal son, the man came to himself, and putting up all the lights he came safely into the harbor. (700)

The Christian in the World.

Because of its soft coal smoke and river fogs, Cincinnati is one of the dirtiest cities of this country. On one of its downtown streets in the dirtiest section of the city stands one of the dirtiest looking church buildings I ever saw, its original light colored stone blackened by the smoke and damp of years. But on the front of the church, cut in the stone in clear, bold letters, stands out conspicuously these words: "Blessed are *the clean of heart,* for they shall see God." There the message stands by day and night in sharpest contrast to the three-fold degree of superlative dirt by which it is surrounded. So will the true Christian's life, silent, modest, pure, stand out constantly in unmistakable contrast to the world-atmosphere about him.—S. D. G. (701)

Scripture Adapted to Our Daily Needs.

At the close of a meeting in Newburyport, where Bible study had been the subject, a woman told me her experience in being led to a passage of Scripture that fitted perfectly into her peculiar need. Her home was on the edge of town; her husband out of the city much of the time, leaving her alone in the house; she was in the habit of attending the church prayer meeting, but felt very timid about being out at night because she knew from past experience that there was likely to be one or more tramps in the barn on her return. About the same time she had been asked to take a class in the Sunday school, but hesitated, feeling incompetent to teach. One day, while quietly reading in Isaiah, thinking about these difficulties, and praying for protection and guidance, she came to the sixteenth verse of the fifty-first chapter, when these words seemed to stand out on the page, "I have put My words in thy mouth." "That," she said, *"was for the class."* And then the next line seemed to stand out similarly, "And I have covered thee in the shadow of My hand." "That," she said, *"was plainly for the tramps."* So does the Holy Spirit fit the words of Scripture into our particular needs.—S. D. G. (702)

Power of Organization.

Spanning the Ohio river between Cincinnati and Covington is an old smoke-begrimed suspension bridge. Fastened up upon it in a prominent place among other signs is this sign, "Processions in crossing this bridge must break step." That is all. But it is imperative. It is a law. They *must* break step. There is no option about it. The same men may cross the bridge in as large numbers, at the same time, but they dare not keep step. The authorities knew well that for a body of men to keep step would so multiply (I do not say add to) the power of their tread as to endanger the safety of the structure. And so is Satan afraid of a solid company of people, however humble, keeping step together in their faithful allegiance to Jesus Christ.—S. D. G. (703)

"Thy People Shall be Willing."

During the British campaign to put down the Ashantee rebellion one morning when some troops were on drill the officer in command addressed a few words to them explaining that an expedition had been planned for that day which involved great danger to those engaged, probably death to many, and saying he did not want to draft men for it, but would ask all who would volunteer to advance one pace from the straight line where they were drawn up. Then that he might not influence any of them he turned upon his heel and walked off. Returning in a few moments he was surprised to find the line as straight as before, not a single break in it. And his eyes flashed fire as he said, sharply, "What! Not one man to volunteer for Her Majesty's service to-day?" And one of the nearer men, touching his cap, quietly said, "If you please, sir, *every man has advanced one pace!*"

Ah! where there's a church like that, every man a volunteer for the most difficult task, there will be a church of primitive power again.—S. D. G. (704)

Breathing Heavenly Gales.

Mr. F. B. Meyer, of London, after a visit to this country a year ago, returned to England, and spent a few days with a friend at an English watering place. His friend is a London merchant who takes his vacation at this watering place. He praised the pure air and the healthfulness of the town, but Mr. Meyer complained that when the wind was in a certain direction he smelled an unpleasant odor. Investigation showed that about a mile away in that direction there was a sewage pond, which accounted for the smell. "How is it," the host asked, "that you could smell it and I could not?" Mr. Meyer replied, "Because *I have just come off the Atlantic, and you have come from London.*" One's sensitiveness to sin will be in proportion to the spiritual atmosphere with which he surrounds himself by devotional study of the Word.—S. D. G. (705)

"I have no business to take me to the coast. My work is in the interior." This was the reply of Bishop Bompass, of the Church of England, when he came to Bennett, B. C., and was asked if he were going to the coast. The railroad on the route to Dawson had been completed that far and the old bishop went fourteen miles out of his diocese, which he had not left in twenty-five years, and in all that time he had not seen a locomotive. He has devoted his life since 1864, excepting one year, to his work among the Indians and others in the Peace river and Athabasca countries. He considers his trials and narrow escapes from death hardly worth relating. He went from Bennett to the homes of the Tagish and Lake Marsh Indians, the only ones in the North who have not had a missionary among them. "My Father worketh hitherto and I work."—John 5:17. (706)

The Righteous Shall Rule.

The Christian Herald recently addressed letters to the leading men of the nation, asking them if they were believers in Christ. Senators, ambassadors, sailors, soldiers and business men, eminent in their respective stations, have responded. The following were some of the first to reply:

President McKinley wrote: "My belief embraces the divinity of Christ and a recognition of Christianity as the mightiest factor in the world's civilization."

Six cabinet ministers affirmed that they were firm believers in the transcendent value of Christianity. Three justices of the United States Supreme Court announced their belief in the Christian faith, Chief Justice Fuller being among the number. Every naval officer who was interrogated responded affirmatively. Admiral Sampson said: "I claim to be a friend of Christianity. I was thus brought up and thus taught to believe. I have never had occasion to change my belief." In fact, all the heroes of Santiago and Manila acknowledge allegiance to Christianity.

The army makes a remarkable showing. Miles, Shafter, Brooke, Flagler, Corbin, Sternberg, Breckinridge, Howard, and a host of other high officers explicitly declare their faith. The chief of engineers writes: "I fully believe in the divinity of the Saviour and the surpassing potency of Christianity."

The majority of the United States Senate uphold Christianity. The same may be said of the House. Senator Tillman of South Carolina thinks "he would be a fool who should deny the beneficent influence of the Christian religion." Senator Jones of Arkansas says: "I am a firm believer in the Christian religion, in the immortality of the soul and in the beneficence and wisdom of an all-wise God, and but for this belief this life, in my opinion, would not be worth living."

Marshall Field, of Chicago, and Mr. Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, are typical of the leading business men who believe in God. Nearly every university and college president is a representative for Christianity. The Chinese minister and the Russian ambassador recognize the "potency of the Christian religion as a civilizing influence. (707)

By His Stripes we are Healed.

A case of peculiar hardship has recently attracted attention in Germany in connection with the enforcement of the laws forbidding disrespectful references to the emperor. One of the editors of a Socialist newspaper is serving a four years' sentence for *lese-majeste,* in the publication of an offensive article. It appears that he had nothing to do with editing the issue which contained the article, and that his name was given to the authorities by the publisher as responsible, through some mistake. The editor really responsible, who is a member of the Reichstag, has waived his parliamentary privileges in order that he might be tried for the offence; but the Imperial Court at Berlin, with all these facts before it, has refused to reopen the case, on the ground that the first sentence contained no error of law. The fact that the wrong man is in prison does not count. (708)

Greater Love Hath no Man.

The name of six-year-old Rudolph Becker, of New Brunswick, New Jersey, belongs in the list of those who have given their lives to save others. The boy was playing in the street with his younger brother and sister one day last month, when a runaway team of horses, attached to a heavy wagon, came around the corner. Rudolph was near the curbing and might have saved himself, but instead he ran out, drew his little sister one side, and then darted right in front of the horses, in an effort to save his brother. Both wheels passed over him, and he lived but two hours, and the only words he spoke being the question, "Did baby and Nathan get hurt?" The other children were both saved.—Rom. 5: 8, 10. (709)

Contentment with Godliness is Great Gain.

There is a story of an envious tailor current with the French peasantry. He fancied that his neighbor, who received a pension for the loss of an arm incurred while fighting for his country, was better off than himself. Both men went to pay their rent on the same day.

"That's a lucky man," said the tailor to the landlord. "He gets well paid for his arm."

"But who would be willing to part with an arm, even if he were paid for it?" said the landlord.

"I would," declared the tailor.

"You!" cried the landlord. "Why, man, you wouldn't be willing to bear anything of the sort, no matter how much you were paid for it."

"I wish some one would try me."

"Now, see here," said the landlord, who had studied human nature, "I'll tell you what, if you'll wear even so much as a chalk mark on your back I'll remit your rent as long as you wear it on your coat so it can be seen, the condition being that you tell no one why it is there."

"Agreed," said the tailor, eagerly. "That's an easy way to pay rent!"

So the chalk-mark in the form of a cross was made on the back of his coat, and the delighted tailor sallied forth upon the street.

Strangers and acquaintances hailed him to tell him of the mark on his back. Jokes were made at his expense, children laughed and pointed at him, and his wife annoyed him with questions, and with conjugal familiarity told him he was a fool. The usually amiable man grew surly and morose; he shunned men, women and children, and frequented back streets. Before the week was up the tailor found himself embroiled in a quarrel with his best friend, his wife had threatened to leave his house, and he considered himself miserable and ill-used.

Finally, one night he took off his coat and rubbed out the chalk-mark and said, "There! I would not wear that cross on my back another week, no, not if I could have all the money there is in Paris!" (710)

They Cast Lots for His Garments.

From "American Monte Carlos" in Pearsons.

The play room at Saratoga is majestic in its proportions. Its size is about fifty by a hundred feet, and its walls and lofty ceiling are handsomely decorated. The great carpet which covers its floor is of the thickest velvet, deadening the noise of footsteps, so that while the play is in progress the only sounds heard are the subdued voices of the players and the announcements of the dealers, as the croupiers are called in America.

When the play is at its height the scene is an interesting one. The employees of the house are all in evening dress, as are a majority of the players. Those who are not are in all the bravery of summer costume, and dot the scene with bits of lighter color. About the tables in separate groups, one for each table, are crowded the players. They are intent and silent, except when some individual's luck, good or bad, carries him beyond his self-control, or when some exceptional recurrence of a card, color, or number provokes exclamations of surprise from all the players. It ought to be silent, fearfully silent, for many a man wagers his soul with his money. (711)

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

Silent Power.

In the Russian engineer corps an ingenious pile-driver, which acts with great speed, is used. On two sides of the pile one-inch gas pipes are placed in longitudinal grooves. At the lower end the pipes are furnished with nozzles inclined inward toward the point of the pile. A force-pump drives water into the pipes, and the water, issuing from the nozzles under a pressure of 70 pounds to the square inch, removes the dirt so rapidly beneath the pile that it sinks three times as fast as if hammered by a pile-driver. (712)

In Union There is Strength.

A writer in Forest and Stream describes a victory which he saw gained over a rattlesnake by the inhabitants of a prairie-dog village in the Indian Territory. The ugly invader crawled into one of the dog-holes, whereupon fifteen or twenty dogs gathered about the place and began to push dirt into the hole. The snake stuck his head up through thet dirt, and the dogs took to flight; but the moment the snake entered another hole they flocked about it again, and this time pushed in the dirt so rapidly that the rattler was effectively entrapped. Then the dogs tamped the dirt down hard with their noses, and left the snake to suffocate. (713)

Pure Air.

Tourists in Scotland are sometimes surprised to hear the name "mist" applied to what seems to them rather a shower of rain. The peculiarity of a Scotch mist is that the drops of moisture are very large and scattering. This, according to the investigations of Mr. John Aitkin, is a result of the purity of the air in

the Highlands. An ordinary mist, or fog, in a dusty country or a smoky city is dense because the moisture has innumerable floating particles to settle upon; but where the air is free from dust the fog nuclei are widely separated, and resemble minute drops of rain. Showers of blessing would often fall were there no sin-dust in our lives to hinder. (714)

The Ends of the Earth.

On writing about the Cape to Cairo railway, W. T. Stead quotes Herr Rothstein on the Siberian railway:

"This railway, like many others of the same nature, is being built under the compulsion of an impulse, or an instinct, which it is impossible to justify on financial, political, or military grounds. The sacrifices which the construction entails will never be repaid, at least to the men who make them. From a financial point of view, I could name a score of other methods of investing money within the empire that would pay handsomely, pay far better than this transcontinental railway can ever hope to do. But nations appear to be sometimes possessed by an uncontrollable passion to bring together the uttermost ends of a continent, quite irrespective of rational motives. It is a kind of demon which drives them; and I can only suppose that the impulsion is intended to promote the general good of mankind. Certainly, in our case, the sacrifices are much more obvious that the gain to Russia."

He is mistaken, it is not a demon, but the providence of God, that all nations may hear the Gospel.—Heb. 2:14. (715)

Let Your Light Shine.

The delicate white mantles used in Welsbach lamps consist of a mixture of two rare earths—thoria and ceria. For some reason not yet understood, these substances must be combined in a definite proportion in order that they shall give the maximum of light. Pure thoria, or pure ceria, made into a mantle, gives only about one-eleventh as much light as a mantle containing 99 per cent of thoria and 1 per cent of ceria. The remarkable thing is that so slight a quantity of ceria added to the thoria should so enormously increase the illumination, especially in view of the fact that a combination of equal quantities of thoria and ceria gives practically no light, becoming barely red-hot in the gas flame. Too much self and not enough of Christ destroys ten-elevenths of our shining power. (716)

More Killed Than Cured.

Chicken soup that is innocent of chicken, and owes none of its savoriness to the dexterity of the cook, is an article to be found, perhaps, in only one place in the world. This particularly favored spot in the State of Nevada, and the soup is a natural production.

It is, says the National Magazine, a spring of calcareous deposits, located near Elko, and yields at first hand from mother earth what the inhabitants of the town regard as a better chicken soup than can be found in any of the hotels along the neighboring line of railway.

The springs, of which the Soup Spring is one, have been known to the people of that region for more than a hundred years. Long before white men came to the country the Indians were in the habit of pitching their tents in the neighborhood, that sick members of their tribe might drink and bathe in the waters.

In the early days, the Washoes and Plutes had many a battle for the possession of the springs, until at last it dawned upon them that more men were killed in the battles than were cured by the waters. Thereupon, says tradition, they held a council, and somewhere between 1830 and 1840 came to an agreement to share the benefits of the spring. This is true of argument and doctrinal bickerings. (717)

Botanists and entomologists know that a dead stump, or dead tree, standing near living trees is a source of peril to them, by furnishing a refuge and breeding-place for timber-borers and other injurious insects. Trees, as well as men, need hygenic surroundings. Churches should be wary of dead stumps in the membership. (718)

Sin More Destructive.

In October Pearson's is an article on Baku, the El Dorado of the Russian oil fields:

The nearest effect one can imagine to Dante's Inferno is when one of the spouting oil wells accidentally catches fire. The well springs up the "derrick," flinging raw oil to right and left. Of a sudden there is a lurid glare, beginning with a spot immediately above the derrick, and rising in a V-shape above the whole structure. In a few seconds a brilliant, white hot blaze appears, surrounded by dense volumes of the blackest smoke, gradually tailing off towards the sides to a misty grey. The heat is appalling, and no living soul can with saftey approach within a quarter of a mile of the scene.

Upon the first sign of a fire, the tools are thrown down, and away over the plain rush some hundreds of men to within a safe distance, where they watch the blaze in a disinterested sort of way.

At these fires the loss of oil is enormous. Nothing can extinguish the flames, which must be allowed to burn themselves out. Recently, when one of the large tanks of oil was set ablaze, 11,000 tons of naptha were consumed in five days. (719)

Coals of Fire.

The chief uses of balloons in warfare may be summed up as follows: (1) To discover the whereabouts of an enemy hidden in cover; (2) for observation purposes and the taking of photographs; (3) for carrying dispatches. In these respects balloons have been tested in actual warfare with more or less good results. For other purposes, such as dropping explosives on the enemy, balloons have seldom been employed with success; when the Austrians beseiged Venice in 1849, the shells calculated to burst over the town, which were dropped from the balloons, burst instead over the Austrian lines, causing great damage. On seeking to bring to destruction to our enemies we overreach ourselves. (720)

The Wind Bloweth Where It Listeth.

The Wind Cave of the Blackhills, situated near the famous Hot Springs of South Dakota, about to pass into hands of the government, has been called the tenth wonder of the world. In 1884 a cowboy discovered a small opening, eight by ten feet, in the bottom of a gulch and the wind was rushing from the hole with great force. Until 1890 only one chamber could be entered, but mineral claims having been located, men were put to work blasting, until there are now over a hundred miles of passageways opened and 3,000 chambers, varying from twelve by twelve feet to three acres have been located. Three of the fourteen routes have been opened to the public. They are called the Garden of Eden, Fair Grounds and Pearly Gates. Scientific authorities have pronounced it to be an extinct geyser. There are eight tiers of chambers. In the first is the water or stalactite formation, the second tier the frostwork formation, looking like a bank of snow. In the third and fourth tiers the formation is known as boxwork, and the fifth is like popcorn, and the sixth and seventh tiers and studded with geodes and crystals of all colors, while the eighth, 500 feet below the entrance, the formation is of a dazzling heavy indigo blue color and exceedingly beautiful. What a temple for the wind or home of all the winds. The first tier for the rain wind, second and third for the snow and frost winds, and the eighth for the blue summer sky wind. When Christ was talking with Nicodemus He said (John 3:8): "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth: so is everyone that is born of the Spirit." Paul says (I. Cor. 6:19): "What? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own." Our inner life should be more beautiful than the temple or cave of the winds. (721)

Stop Your Grumbling.

Shakespeare says:
"The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

The rain refreshes the tiny flowers, but when this same water is forced in large quantities or with great pressure it becomes a destructive instead of life-giving. Where water is used for hydraulic mining in the west, men have accidentally been killed by getting the full force of the stream. Along the Sacramento river several years ago, where this method was being used, some strangers came into the district, and taking possession of a shanty, began to make trouble. The men were ordered to turn the six-foot nozzle on the shanty. It went down like straws and some of the men were thrown into the air. They were like the man who built his house upon the sand. But how many are living in houses built upon the sand of fault-finding or complaining. Complaining because of dry weather. What if the rain should come in a hydraulic stream and demolish the houses of all complainers. (722)

Bad Companions.

You have sometimes found a little red crab in a can of oysters. It is said to be quite common to find these little crabs in the shells of Virginia oysters. An old Virginia oyster shucker says that these baby crabs crawl into the oyster shells because they get lonesome. Another old salt, talking about lobsters, says he thinks them the greatest fools in water. They are caught by sinking boxes with holes or nets at either end. The lobsters back into these bales and are hauled up the next morning to find their way into pots and into salad. Many persons, and Christians, too, like the baby crab, get into poor company or out of their place in life, because they get lonesome, and many back into associations and friendships like the lobster, without ever looking or inquiring. A Christian with either the word of God or the Spirit of God ought never get lonesome, and certainly fellowship with pilgrims on the same way ought not to be and is not hard to find. But sometimes we give so little evidence of being pilgrims that we are not recognized. (723)

The Pearl of Price.

The Panama pearl harvest amounts to about $150,000 annually. They are found in the oyster shell in the bay. In the spring of 1899 a boy 15 years old found an oyster that concealed a jewel now offered for sale in Paris for $10,000. The boy received $4,000 for it from a negro speculator named Justiana. The latter took it to Panama and sold it to brokers. Christ likened the kingdom of heaven to a pearl, and the beautiful thing about it is that a boy or girl either need not wait until they are fifteen to find this pearl, and when once found it will be worth many times $4,000, in this world and in the world to come, an hundred times more. (724)

MEN AND MENTION.

Dreyfus—Another Subject for Millet.

Let him paint a picture entitled "The Man with the Sword."
O judges, lords and rulers in Fair France,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This defamed man distorted and soul quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?
O judges, lords and rulers in fair France,
How will the future reckon with this man?
—Apologies to Edward Markham, the Journal, Minneapolis. (725)

Hope Sees a Star.

Colonel Ingersoll's law of life was the one formulated by the prophet Micah, "Do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God"—*in all but the last.* His religion, recited at his funeral in his own words, included everything in Christianity but a personal Christ and the revealed continuation of a future life. But his declared unfaith could not stifle the human yearning within him of an eternal hope. Over the dead body of his brother he confessed "in the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing."

(726)

Peace, Good-will to Men.

The peace conference at The Hague completed its work July 29th. No agreement was found possible on the subject which held the first place in the tsar's invitation, that of fixing a limit to the growth of military and naval forces, but the conference formally expressed its opinion that such a limitation is greatly to be desired. Agreements were adopted prohibiting the use of explosives from balloons, and of bullets that easily expand in the human body. The most important fruit of the conference was an elaborate scheme for averting wars by means of mediation and arbitration. The powers signing the proposed treaty will bind themselves, so far as circumstances permit, before taking up arms, to seek the mediation of a friendly power; or a third power may offer such mediation. Besides this, a permanent court of arbitration is to be organized, to be accessible at all times for the settlement of disputes. There is no compulsion about resorting to this court, but it is implied that powers which submit their cases to it will abide by the award.—Youth's Companion.

(727)

Blessed is the Peacemaker.

W. T. Stead, in the September Review of Reviews, writing of the peace conference, says:

I asked M. de Staal what he thought of it all. "It has ended better than it began," he said—"much better. It had been much better than any one expected. All my work has been to sit between every one and take them by the arm and make them agree." He has been a veritable father confessor of the conference. Delegates have gone to him with all their difficulties and their objections. He has minimized the one and answered the others, made concessions here and smoothed the rough places there. His name will live in history as a most successful president of the first international assembly in which all the states of the world were represented. He was better in spirits and immensely better in health at the end of the conference than when it began. "Five years hence, at the end of the next conference?" I said to M. de Staal. "Oh," said he, "do you know where I shall be at the date of the next conference?" "Where?" said I. He said nothing, but raised his hand and pointed it above. Mr. Stead adds: "The peace conference was a good work well done, and it is one of those things which in the midst of discouragements and disappointments enable us to thank God and take courage to live more cheerfully in the present, and to contemplate the future with more trusting faith." (728)

The Lost Days.

From "Where a Day is Lost or Gained," September Century: "If at noon on the beginning of Monday we move, say, over a space of fifteen degrees toward the east, it is obvious that when the sun again stands at noon, for us, only twenty-three hours will have elapsed since we shall have accomplished one-twenty-fourth of his journey for him; that is, Tuesday will begin for us one hour too soon. Similarly, if we repeat this eastward movement, Wednesday will begin two hours too soon; and so on until when our starting point is reached, we shall, in count of days, be just twenty-four hours ahead in our reckoning. The result will be that, instead of ending the jurney in twenty-four days (as we seem to do) and on a Wednesday, we shall actually complete it in twenty-three days and on Tuesday." Count that day lost, whose setting sun sees no worthy action done. (729)

Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

During the opium war the Chinese fortress at the mouth of the Boca Tigrio was attacked; but the storming party pulled quietly around the headland, and forming on the beach, clambered up over the hill, and the first thing the Celestials knew their foe was rushing down upon them from the rear, and within the inclosure. There was nothing for it but to surrender, which they did, bristling with wrath at such a breach of military manners. "Hiyah! Why you no come front side? More better fight where we makee ready for you!" Satan attacks us where we are not looking for him. So we should put on the whole armor of God.

(730)

Alexander Conquered.

If you are to succeed as a leader in church work you must consider the temper and conditions of your fellows, and be willing to obey and serve them at times.

"When Alexander began his preparations for crossing the Hypasis, he found his army, for the first time in all his experience, reluctant to follow him. The men were weary. Many were wounded, many were ill.

"It was a new thing for Alexander to be crossed in his desires. In chagrin and disappointment, he shut himself up for two days in his tent, and conversed with no one. When, however, on the third day he found no change in the temper of his men, and 'the profound silence throughout the camp indicated that the soldiery, though annoyed at their leader's wrath, were still unmoved by it,' he arose, as Ptolemy reports and caused the sacrifices for the omens of crossing to be made; but when these turned out unfavorable he called the elders of the hetairoi and his nearest friends together, and announced his decision to return. 'Then they shouted out as a mixed multitude would shout when rejoicing; and many of them were in tears; some even approached the royal tent and implored blessings many and great upon Alexander, because, forsooth, by them alone he had suffered himself to be conquered.' (Arrian.)"—September Century.

(731)

ANECDOTES OF WASHINGTON.

Rev. Lee Massey, for many years a rector of Washington's parish and an intimate acquaintance of the great man, writes as follows of his faithful attendance at church: "I never knew so constant an attendant at church as Washington. His behavior in the house of God is so deeply reverential that it produces the happiest effects on my congregation and greatly assists me in moralizing my labors. No company ever withheld him from church. I have often been at Mount Vernon on the Sabbath morning when his breakfast table was filled with guests. But to him they furnished no pretext for neglecting his God, and losing the satisfaction of setting a good example. For instead of staying at home out of fancied courtesy to them, he used constantly to invite them to accompany him." (732)

Upon being told that the British troops had fired upon and killed several Americans at Lexington, Washington said: "I grieve for the death of my countrymen, but rejoice that the British are still so determined to keep God on our side." He alluded of course to his sentiment that "The smiles of heaven can never be expected on a nation that disapproves the eternal rules of order and right, which heaven itself has ordained." (733)

Upon taking command of the Continental army he said: "My diffidence in my own abilities is superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause and the patronage of Heaven." Entering upon his duties as president, he said: "It would be peculiarly improper to omit, in this first official act, my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being who rules over the universe that His benediction may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States, a government instituted by themselves for these essential purposes. (734)

The old print showing Washington on his knees in the snow at Valley Forge, which was in so many homes forty years ago, is authentic. During that soul-trying winter, Washington made his headquarters at the home of a Quaker, Isaac Potts. The Quaker was traveling up the creek one day when he heard a solemn voice, as of one praying, and almost at the same instant discovered Washington's horse tied to a sapling. A short distance beyond he saw the commander of the Continental troops on his knees and tears pouring down his cheeks. The old Quaker was deeply affected and upon reaching home, he said to his wife: "If there is any one on this earth whom the Lord will listen to it is George Washington, and I feel a presentiment that under such a commander there can be no doubt of our eventually establishing our independence." (735)

The wife of the first president of the United States was quite as devout as her husband. After breakfast each morning she retired for an hour to her chamber for prayer and reading the Bible, a practice she is never known to have omitted during half a century of life under most varied conditions. (736)

STATISTICAL FACTS AND POINTS.

The war with Spain cost the United States about $175,000,000. The regular military expenditure of the United States when there is no war is about $50,000,000. (737)

April 1, 1899, the amount of money in circulation in the United States was $1,927,846,042, the amount per capita being $25.45. It is estimated that three-fourths of the wealth of the country is controlled by nominal Christians. Suppose a dividend of one-tenth was declared for the interests of the kingdom of heaven—over $14,000,000. (738)

There are $6,604,546,473 in the savings banks of the world, $1,844,357,798 being in United States savings banks. (739)

Five hundred incorporated trusts in the United States are capitalized at $6,000,000,000 to $8,000,000,000, the actual capital being less, probably than, $3,000,000,000. The Standard Oil Co. is quoted at $97,000,000, but in three years paid dividends amounting to $91,415,000, and at 490, the market price, the value of the stock is $476,525,000. (740)

Seven hundred and sixty-seven marine disasters in the United States in 1898 reported to the life-saving service. There were 3,987 persons and $7,168,390 property in peril, but only 22 persons and $757,860 worth of property were lost. How grand if the soul-saving service of the country could make as good a report. (741)

$60,794,401.79 worth of gold, silver and other metals was coined into nice, new, clean money during the year ending June 30, 1899. How much of it is clean morally now? (742)

QUOTED FROM "RICHARD CARVEL."

Power of Silent Influence.

C. H. B.

"But Mr. Daaken, unwittingly or designedly, taught other things than those I have mentioned above. And though I never once heard a word of politics fall from his lips, his school shortly became known to all good Tories as a nursery of conspiracy and sedition. There are other ways of teaching besides preaching, and of that which the dominie taught best he spoke not a word. He was credited, you may well believe, with calum-

nies against King George, and once my Uncle Grafton and Mr. Dulany were for clapping him in jail, avowing that he taught treason to the young. I can account for the tone of King William's school in no other way than to say that patriotism was in the very atmosphere, and seemed to exude in some mysterious way from Mr. Daaken's person. And most of us became infected with it."

A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump. (744)

Richard's Thoughts of London.

"I know of no feeling of awe to equal that of a stranger approaching for the first time a huge city. The thought of the human multitude is ever appalling as that of infinity itself—a human multitude with its infinity of despairs and joys, disgraces and honors, each small unit with all the world in its own brain, and all the world out of it! Each intent upon his own business or pleasure, and striving the while by hook or crook to keep the ground from slipping beneath his feet. For, if he falls, God help him! The Devil makes no choice between my lord and his kitchen wench who has gone astray. Here, in Sodom, painted vice had lain for an hundred years and bred half the crime of a century. How many souls had gone hence in that time to meet their Maker! Some of these brazen creatures who leered at me had known—how long ago?—a peaceful home and a mother's love; had been lured in their innocence to this place of horrors, never to leave it until death mercifully overtakes them. Others having fallen, had been driven hither by a cruel world that shelters all save the helpless, that forgives all save the truly penitent. I shuddered as I thought of Mr. Hogarth's print's, which, in the library in Marlboro' street at home, had so little meaning for me. Verily, he had painted no worse than the reality."

The cross is the only light that can shine in such darkness. (745)

Mr. Swain on His Death-bed.

"In our youth Richard, he was saying, the wrath of the Almighty is but so many words to most of us. When I was little more than a lad, I committed a sin of which I tremble now to think. And I was the fool to imagine, when I amended my life, that God had forgotten. His punishment is no heavier than I deserve. But He alone knows what He has made me suffer." "That is why I have paid Tom's debts" he continued. "I cannot cast off my son. I have reasoned and implored and appealed in vain. He is like Reuben; his resolutions melt in an hour, and I have pondered day and night what is to be done for him." The way of the transgressor is hard. (746)

Richard's opinion of the effect of Paul Jones' influence in the naval battle between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis:

"What but the knowledge that somewhere in the swirl above us was still that unswerving and indomitable man who swept all obstacles from before him, and into whose mind the thought of defeat could not enter. His spirit held us to our task, for flesh and blood might not have endured alone." Our Captain is at the right hand of God. Let us endure to the end. (747)

Note:—Richard Carvel occupies the fourth place in the list of novels published this year.

STORIES OF HYMNS.

Give to the Wind Thy Fears.

The story of how the hymn, "Give to the winds thy fears; hope, and be undismayed," was written by Paul Gerhardt, when he tramped forth a nomeless exile for not preaching to suit the Grand Elector, and his succour by Duke Christian, is familiar to all, but the following incident from "Hymns that Have Helped," showing its help in time of trial, is not so well known:

In a village near Warsaw there lived a pious German peasant named Dobyr. He had fallen into arrears of rent, and his landlord threatened to evict him. It was winter. Thrice he appealed for a respite, but in vain. It was evening, and the next day his family were to be turned out into the snow. Dobyr kneeled down in the midst of his family. After prayer they sang:

"Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands."

As they came to the last verse, in German, of Part I.,

"When thou wouldst all our need supply,
Who, who shall stay Thy hand?"

there was a knock at the window close by where he knelt, and opening it Dobyr was met by a raven, one which his grandfather had tamed and set at liberty. In its bill was a ring, set with precious stones. This he took to his minister, who said at once that it belonged to the King Stanislaus, to whom he returned it, and related his story. The King sent for Dobyr, and besides rewarding him on the spot, built for him, next year, a new house, and stocked his cattle stalls from the royal domain. Over the house door, on an iron tablet, there is carved a raven with a ring in its beak, and underneath this address to Divine Providence:

"Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light." (748)

Hymn of the Catacombs.

In "Hymns That Have Helped" is found the story of the hymn in which these lines are found:

"Fisher of men, the blest,
Out of the world's unrest,
Out of sin's troubled sea
Taking us, Lord, to Thee;
Out of waves of strife,
With bait of blissful life,
With choicest fish good store,
Drawing Thy nets to shore."

This hymn is the sole survivor of the hymns sung by the early Christians in the catacombs

of Calixtus at Rome, said to contain the remains of a million Christian dead. Mr. Stead, the author, speaking of the constant, almost infantile persistence of the reference to Christ in inscriptions, says: "They had fallen in love with Jesus of Nazareth, had these hunted Christians, and they carved His name or symbol everywhere, as the lovelorn Orlando chiseled Rosalind's name on the bark of trees in the forest of Ardennes. This hymn, 'Shepherd of Tender Youth' of which the above is a part, is still to be heard in our churches today. But how different the circumstances of the modern congregation and those under which the little flock of the persecuted mustered in the black subterranean City of the dead to enjoy the ecstacy of singing to Him whose love made the horrors of the torture chamber and the shame of the Colloseum sweeter than all the honors and glories of the world. (749)

The Author of "God Calling Yet."

"God Calling Yet" was written by Richard Tersteegen, one of the most eminent religious poets of the Reformed German Church. He was born in 1697 in Mars, Westphalia. His father dying, he was put to work as an apprentice while very young. Riding in a deep forest he was taken with convulsions. He prayed for time to prepare for death, and relief following prayer, he dedicated his life to Christ. He led a wavering Christian life for some time, but he gratefully writes of the change: "He took me by the hand, He drew me away from perdition's yawning gulf, directed my eye to Himself, and opened to me the unfathomable abyss of His loving heart." At the age of twenty-seven he completely dedicated all his resources and energies to the cause of Christ, writing the dedication in his own blood. "God graciously called," he says, "out of the world, and granted me the desire to belong to Him and to be willing to follow him. I long for eternity that I may suitably glorify him for it."

When he was thirty years of age, a great spiritual awakening was experienced at Muhlheim, and although Tersteegen shrank from public notice, he was prevailed upon to address the people on themes relating to religious experience. He began to preach in private houses, but was soon compelled to enter upon more public labors. He gave up secular employment altogether, and devoted his whole time to religious instruction and to the poor. His house became famous as the Pilgrim's Cottage, and was visited not only by the most eminent Christians of Germany, but by multitudes of people from foreign lands. Thus spending his time in communion with God and in humble charities, and speaking to the spiritually minded people who flocked to visit him, of the consolations of his own luminous experience, and of the new discoveries that Grace was constantly making to his soul, beloved at home and revered and respected in foreign lands, his life drew near a triumphant exit, which took place, April 3, 1769. He lived an ascetic life in his best years, practicing austerities, that no physical impediment might shut out the heavenly light or hinder the work of the Holy Spirit in conforming his soul to the will of God. He produced one hundred religious poems and spiritual songs, some of the best of which Wesley translated, and whose authorship is attributed to Wesley in some American collections of hymns.

The following is a very literal translation of Tersteegen's hymn before alluded to:

"God calling yet—and shall I never hearken?
But still earth's witcheries my spirit darken;
This passing life, these passing joys, all flying,
And still my soul in dreamy slumbers lying."
(750)

Awake, My Soul.

Samuel Medley the author of "Awake, my soul, in joyful lays and sing thy Great Redeemer's praise," entered the English navy at the age of eighteen. His conversion was brought about by one of Dr. Watt's sermons, the text of which was Isaiah 42:6-7, being read to him. At the age of twenty-one, when he was leading a sinful life in the navy, he was wounded in an engagement under Admiral Boscawen off Cape Lagas. The surgeon told him that amputation of his leg might save his life, but deferred the operation until the next day. The father and grandfather of the young man had prayed earnestly for his conversion, and in the face of death he remembered his early religious training. He passed part of the night in prayer, and when the surgeon examined his wounds the next morning was surprised at the improvement and regarded it as almost miraculous. This greatly impressed the young man, and he decided to lead a religious life, but these impressions soon passed from his mind and he again fell into his former habits. Returning to his home he often was reminded of God's goodness to him, and one Sunday night the servant told Medley that his grandfather was going to read a sermon to him. "A sermon to me! He could have better business," was the reply. The sermon chosen was the one mentioned, and at first the young naval hero listened with indifference, but as the sermon told of the wonderful forbearance and goodness of God, his heart began to melt, and when his grandfather left the room he fell upon his knees and made his peace with Jesus Christ, and from that time the change in his life was permanent. The last two verses of the hymn are:

"Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
And though I oft have Him forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And life and mental powers shall fail,
Oh may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death." (751)

No man was ever overcome by temptation while calling on the mighty God to help him; no man need despond, though billows and waves go over him; if a man will only pour out his heart to the Lord, he may go down like Jonah to the bottoms of the mountains, and the earth with her bars may be about him; but if out of the belly of hell he will only cry to God, the Lord will hear and save him.

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Dr. Lyman Abbott, the editor of the "Outlook," and former pastor of the Plymouth Church, needs no introduction.

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MORALS FROM PICTURES AND PAINTERS.

Allston's Opinion of His Own Painting.

Some years after Allston had acquired a considerable reputation as a painter, a friend showed him a miniature and begged he would give his sincere opinion upon its merits, as the young man who drew it had some thoughts of becoming a painter by profession. After much pressing, Allston candidly told the gentleman he feared the lad would never do anything as a painter, and advised him following some more congenial pursuit. The friend thereupon convinced him that the miniature had been done by Allston himself when the painter was very young.—Phil. 3: 13-14. (752)

Honor Thy Father and Mother.

The treatment of his aged father by Turner, the famous landscape painter, was admirable. The old man modestly offered to represent himself as a servant in his son's establishment; but Turner would not dream of this, saying: "No; we fought the world together; and now that it seeks to do me honor, you shall share all the benefits." And the great artist never smiled when the little old man would whisper proudly to some visitor: "Yes, yes; Joseph is the greatest artist in England, and I am his father."—September St. Nicholas. (753)

Constable's Pleasantry.

A picture of a murder sent to the Academy for exhibition while Constable was on the council, was refused admittance on account of a disgusting display of blood and brains in it; but Constable objected still more to the wretchedness of the work, and said: "I see no brains in the picture." Sometimes Christians display their piety in such a manner the world sees no piety.

It being complained to him by his servant that the milk supplied was very poor and weak in quality, he said one morning to the milkman: "In future, we shall feel obliged if you will send us the milk and the water in separate cans." If milk and water Christians could be separated? (754)

The Painter's Sympathizers.

Collins was much amused on one occasion by the remark of some fishermen. Having made a careful study of some boats and other objects on the beach, which occupied him the greater part of the day towards evening, when he was prepared to leave, the sun burst out low in the horizon, producing a very beautiful, although totally different effect on the same objects—and with his usual enthusiasm, he immediately set to work again, and had sufficient light to preserve the effect. The fishermen seemed deeply to sympathize with him at this unexpected and additional labor as they called it, and endeavored to console him by saying, "Well, never mind, sir, every business has its troubles." How often would we be compelled to change our work if the Sun of righteousness should shine on it. (755)

Conclusive Evidence.

A neighbor of Thomas Gainsborough, having his garden robbed on several occasions, could never hit upon the thief. It happened one morning early that Gainsborough, then a mere boy, walked in the garden sketching, when he observed a man pop his head over the garden wall. Being unobserved, the young artist had sufficient time to sketch the robber's head, and from its accuracy, on showing it to a neighbor, the fellow was immediately recognized as living in the neighborhood, and was accordingly apprehended. Are we doing things we would not care to be portrayed at. (756)

Immortalized.

When Chantrey, the sculptor, had executed and erected the statue of George IV on the stair-case at Windsor, His Majesty good-naturedly patted the sculptor on the shoulder and said: "I have reason to be obliged to you, for you have immortalized me." We can gain a rarer immortality.—Daniel 12: 3. (757)

Haydon's Sad Death.

The saddest story in the world of art is that of Benjamin Robert Haydon, the one who painted the well-known pictures, "Entry of Christ Into Jerusalem" and "Christ in the Garden." He began to get into debt and debt finally drove him to suicide. His profits on the former picture were over $6,000. He wrote:

"I don't know how it is, but I get less reflective as I get older. I seem to take things as they come, without much care. In early life everything, being new, excited thought. As nothing is new when a man is thirty-five, one thinks less. Or, perhaps, being married to my dearest Mary, and having no longer anything to hope in love, I get more contented with my lot, which, God knows, is rapturous beyond imagination. Here I sit sketching, with the loveliest face before me, smiling and laughing, and solitude is not. Marriage has increased my happiness beyond expression. In the intervals of study, a few minutes conversation with the creature one loves is the greatest of all reliefs. God bless us both!"

Three more years of fearful struggle brought him to the fearful tragedy which shocked the country on the 22d of June, 1846. Having returned from an early walk, Haydon entered his painting-room, and wrote in his diary: "God forgive me! Amen. Finis of B. R. Haydon. 'Stretch me no longer on the rough world.'—Lear." Before eleven," says Tom Taylor, "the hand that wrote it was stiff and cold in self-inflicted death."—Prov. 14: 12. Rom. 13: 8. (758)

Bishop Ninde, in speaking of the utter lack of any knowledge of warfare among many of the Chinese, says: "Imagine one going to war with a bird cage in one hand and a fan in the other." Many make as inadequate preparation for Christian warfare.

In the late war of Japan with China, complaint was made that the Christians (converted Japanese) served a King so would not make such loyal, interested soldiers, but they proved "the bravest of the brave"; they were not afraid to die.—Bishop Ninde.

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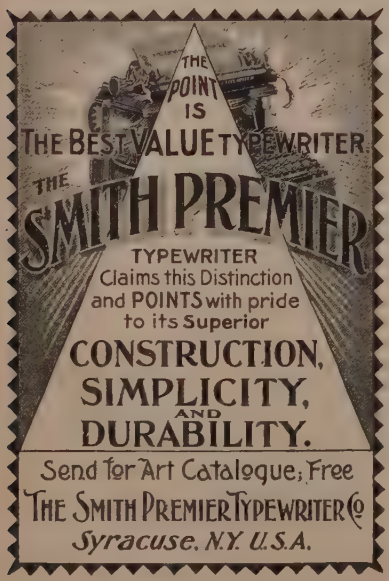

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WISDOM OF THE POETS.

No Age Content With Its Own Estate.

THE EARL OF SURREY.

I saw the little boy, in thought how oft that he
Did wishe of God, to scape the rod, a tall
young man to be.
The young man eake that feled his bones with
paines opprest
How he would be a rich old man, to live and
lye at rest;
The riche olde man that sees his end draw on
so sore,
How he would be a boy againe to live so much
the more.
Whereat full oft I smylde, to see how all those
three
From boy to man, from man to boy, would
chop and change degree.
And musing thus, I think, the case is very
strange.
That man from wealth to live in wo, doth ever
seke to change. (759)

A Good That Never Satisfies the Mind.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

A good that never satisfied the mind,
A beauty fading like the April flow'rs,
A sweet with floods of gall, that runs combin'd
A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,
An honor that more fickle is than wind,
A glory of opinion's frown that low'rs,
A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,
A vain delight our equals to command,
A style of greatness, in effect a dream,
A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
A servile lot, deck'd with a pompous name,
Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
Till wisest death make us our errors know.
—Matt. 16: 26. (760)

My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is.

SIR EDWARD DYER.

My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind;
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
I little have, and seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store;
They poor, I rich, they beg, I give;
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live. (761)

To a Nightingale.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past, or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling
flowers;
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget Earth's turmoils, spites, and
wrongs.
And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven?
Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost
raise
To airs and spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.
(762)

FAVORITE SCRIPTURES.

Prof. W. W. White when in Calcutta requested Bible students in various parts of the world to indicate the *hundred chapters* (including Psalms), also out of the hundred the *thirty*, and out of the thirty the *ten*, which, were they compelled to give up the whole Bible besides, they would especially wish to preserve. The hundred chapters chosen are as follows:

Gen. i., ii., iii., xxii.
Exod. xii., xx., xxviii.
Lev. xvi.
Num. xiv.
Josh. vi.
Judges vii.
1 Kings xviii.
2 Kings xix.
2 Chron. xx.
Psalms xxiii., xxxii., li., lxxii., cxi., cxix.
Isa. liii., lv.
Jer. xxiii.
Dan. ii., iii., vi., ix.
Micah vii.
Matt. v., vi., vii., xiii., xxvii.
Mark viii., ix., xiv.
Luke ii., iv., ix., xv., xviii., xxiv.
John i., iii., iv., vi., x., xi., xii., xiv., xv., xvi., xvii., xx.
Acts ii., ix., x., xvi.
Rom. iii., iv., v., vi., vii., viii., x., xi.
Ephes. i., iii., iv., v., vi.
Phil. ii., iii., iv.
Col. iii.
1 Thess. v.
2 Thess. ii.
Heb. iv., ix., x., xi., xii.
1 Cor. iii., xii., xiii., xv.
2 Cor. v., viii., ix., xii.
Gal. ii.
James i.
1 Peter i., ii.
2 Peter i.
1 John iii., iv.
Jude.
Rev. xx., xxi., xxii.

The thirty out of the one hundred are as follows:

Exod. xii.; Lev. xvi.; Josh. vi.; Judges vii.; Psalms xxiii., li.; Isa. liii., lv.; Dan. ix.; Matt. vi., xiii.; Mark ix.; Luke xv.; John iii., xiv., xvii.; Acts ii., ix.; Rom. viii., x.; 1 Cor. xiii., xv.; Ephes. iii.; Phil. iii., iv.; Heb. xi.; 1 Peter i., ii.; 1 John iii.; Rev. xxii.

Of these, if compelled to choose ten, we should take, probably—although as the number diminishes the choice becomes more difcult: Psalm xxiii., Isa. liii., Matt. vi., Luke xv., John xiv., Rom. viii., 1 Cor. xiii., Ephes. iii., Phil. iv., Rev. xxii.

Such a process of reduction in the available Scriptural record suffices to show within how short a space all necessary Gospel truth may be condensed. Take these last ten chapters as an example. Here we have:

1. God's love seeking the lost—Luke xv.
2. The atoning sacrifice—Isa. liii.
3. The Lord our shepherd—Psalm xxiii.
4. The summary of holy living—Matt. vi.
5. The comfort for all trouble—John xiv.
6. The security of the believer—Rom. viii.
7. The love and power of God in him—Ephes. iii.
8. The perfection of his peace in Christ—Phil. iv.
9. The beauty and power of love—1 Cor. xiii.
10. The final consummation—Rev. xxii.—Record of Christian Work. (763)

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NOTE: For 100 favorite chapters of the Bible, see 763.

Our Experience with the Bible Study Union Lessons.

From an address at the State Sunday-school Convention, in Marion, Ohio. By the Rev. Livingston L. Taylor, pastor of Plymouth Congregational church, Cleveland, O.

I have no sensational figures, no spectacular results to spread before you. I have not been dabbling in pedagogical magic. In fact I think I have always felt with regard to educational devices, the record of whose sudden bloom and fabulous crops suggests roots which go down into some marketable mystery, very much as we feel when, yielding our senses for the time to the magician, we see rose bushes in full bloom emerge from hollow flower pots. There is a royal road from seed to fruit, but it is discovered by the patient gardener, not by the deft magician. To tell the truth, our Sunday-school had come to be a rather sickly garden, and a little magic would have been very welcome to us a few years ago. But we found something better than magic.

The Primary Department.—It was, I think, about four years and a half ago that the new superintendent of the primary department expressed to me the conviction that the time and ingenuity which are consumed in the effort to adapt lessons selected for scholars of all ages to the special needs of the little children might be set free for more profitable employment if lessons were used which needed no such adaptation. Her experience led her to feel that, whatever blessings uniform lessons might bring to the work at large, they brought heavy burdens and painful limitations to the primary teacher. After a careful examination of the lessons prepared by the Bible Study Union, then commonly known as the Blakeslee Lessons, we decided to give them a trial and began with a year's work in Stories from the Life of Jesus.

The teachers showed new interest at once and the minds of the children responded eagerly. At the close of the year there was no one to question the propriety of continuing the experiment. The course entitled A Year with the Apostles proved to be quite as interesting to teachers as to scholars, if not more so. A third year was gladly given to the course in Old Testament Stories. At the beginning of the fourth year the department returned to the study of the Gospel stories with fresh interest and is now half through its second course in the Acts of the Apostles, the older children greatly enjoying the additional matter and the fuller treatment which they find in the higher grade of the lesson helps they are now using.

A Bible Class.—To raise the standard of work in the primary department is like putting jack screws under the whole school. For three years the primary department stood alone in its use of the Bible Study Union Lessons. At the beginning of the fourth year a Bible Class was organized for the study of Old Testament History, in the Progressive Grade of these lessons. In this class there were some very interesting developments. It was composed of young men and young women, most of whom had been through the seven years' course of the International Lessons twice, some of them perhaps three times. The failure of the International System to fix in the mind a connected view of the history of God's dealings with his chosen people was made evident, consciously and unconsciously, by every member of that class. They were not destitute of knowledge but their knowledge was fragmentary, disjointed, confused. Almost every Sunday things which they had known came forth from the dismal limbo of the unrelated and found place in the fascinating continuity of the wonderful history as it unfolded itself.

The Main School.—Meanwhile the main body of the school continued to use the International Lessons. It is not strange that, with reports of the success of the new lessons reaching them from the primary department and from an adult Bible Class, questions were raised in the minds of both teachers and scholars as to whether they had not better fall in line. They did so at the beginning of the present year and for over five months the entire school has been using the Bible Study Union Lessons. The Bible classes are enjoying the higher grades, while the younger classes are doing good work in the Junior, Intermediate and Progressive grades.

It is too soon to say much of the results of the introduction of the new lessons in the main school, but week by week the teachers express their satisfaction with them. In one or two classes in which the scholars could never be induced to prepare their lessons or bring their Bibles the blanks for written answers are regularly filled out and the Bibles are in evidence. When the adoption of the Lessons was under consideration, I took the most mischievous class of boys in the school, had them prepare a lesson under my direction, and put them through it at a meeting of the teachers. The test was not only satisfactory but very interesting. We feel that we have been sufficiently deliberate to make our experience valuable. We are also disposed to look upon it as an experience which has come to us in a very natural way, as a result of an honest effort to meet difficulties which confront us all and are frankly acknowledged by all. We do not feel that we are out of the woods yet, but we believe that we have struck a good trail and mean to follow it.—The Evangelist, Oct. 5, 1899.

(Specimen copies of these lessons can be obtained of the Bible Study Publishing Co., 21 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.—Editor.)

Most of us have known people avowedly not Christian, the beauty of whose lives seemed in harmony with that love which "is the fulfilling of the law." Such lives are often blind to the true nature of their sinfulness, as is shown by the following illustration: A group of children wandered away from their home. They found plenty to interest them as the hours went by. Their play was sweet and happy and an onlooker at their games might have thought it a blessed sight. But there were aching hearts in the homes they had left, and their kindness to each other did not alter the anxiety and yearning of the parents from whom they had wandered.

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The reception given Current Anecdotes by the preachers of the United States is very pleasing, and there is no reason why it should not find a place in at least 25,000 studies or ministers' libraries before the end of the year. In fact, it is indispensable to the gospel preacher who wants to interest his audiences. Spurgeon, one of the most attractive and effective preachers the world has heard, at one time employed a young man whose chief duties were to search for illustrative anecdotes to be employed in his sermons and gospel writings.

Our subscribers will appreciate, we are sure, our limiting the circulation to ministers. By doing this we insure a freshness and interest in the illustrations they would not otherwise have, and we also give an exclusive service equal to that of a clipping bureau, which would cost from $3 to $5 per month. Any one wishing an exclusive service for $4 per month can have particulars by addressing the editor. It would include ten anecdotes each week. We doubt if you would be as well pleased with it, however, as with Current Anecdotes.

Following are a few of the appreciative notes received:

"The initial number came to hand a short time since. Having a few minutes on my hands I took a look through it, not expecting to be much interested. Like the tenderfoot who found gold where experienced men would not stop, I found the gold that has been lacking in the presentation of truth by me. I have felt for some time that the experience of one person, skilfully presented, will reach the heart of others, and I believe you have struck the key note of a great need to many ministers of the gospel."

"I have examined and used the October number, and believe it to be a valuable enterprise. As a rule conscientious and independent ministers are a little shy of accumulated illustrations, and I assure you the success I anticipate for your work will depend on its reliability and genuine worth."

"Thank you for calling my attention to this magazine. I employed three of its numbers yesterday. That is worth the price. Send me the magazine for one year."

"I have just received the first number of your magazine and am delighted with it. It is just the think needed. I thank you for sample copy, and enclosed please find subscription price as one of the first subscribers. I hope all the following numbers will be as full of good things as this one."

MAKING AN IDOL.
(See announcement Facing page 64.)

DEPARTMENTS.

Incidents Old and New, Biography, History, Art, Poetry, Hymnology, etc.

Edited by F. M. Barton.

GLEANED FROM LIFE.

Exclusiveness or Selfishness.

An examination of the telephone directory of Cleveland or any of the large cities is interesting for many reasons, among them the discovery of a comparatively large number of "blind" phones—meaning installations without mention of name or address. Personally I know of half a dozen such phones, all but one in public institutions. Apparently, the largest financial institution in the city cannot be reached by telephone. One residence is not mentioned in the telephone directory by the special request of the subscriber. This man is so particular that his orders are to refuse to connect his instrument with anyone calling for it by name, or to tell his number to anyone inquiring for it. To call him up on the phone you must know his number. "I don't want to be bothered with messages," said this man. "I want the telephone as a means of sending rather than receiving messages." How many persons there are who go through the world with nothing but a number. No way of getting at them, heard only when they are in need of something. The sin of selfishness is the most difficult to detect. (764)

Tobacco and Alchohol.

Dr. J. H. Kellogg in Modern Medicine says: The smoker finds himself suffering from dryness of the throat, thirst, general depression of spirits, perhaps slight giddiness, and some cerebral anemia. It requires but a single experiment to convince him that beer, wine or whisky, or alcohol in some form affords very prompt relief from these distressing symptoms; hence the very natural association of cigars with wine or beer. . . . Has not the time fully arrived when those who recognize in alcohol a race enemy and one of the most potent causes of race deterioration, which at the present time is becoming so painfully evident, should also recognize in tobacco the strongest and most active ally of alcohol? (765)

No Fault in Him.

In vain do men try to bind human thought, whether by political interdict, by religious tradition, or by church creeds. Russia, the land of interdicts, traditions, and creeds, is honeycombed with sects which do not acknowledge her church, and in the arms of a humble member of one of them the heir to her throne breathed a few days ago his last breath. From this same Russia comes the following apparently authentic story:

Some time ago the Jews in Odessa held a meeting to congratulate themselves upon the revision of the Dreyfus affair. A young Jew rose, and in an eloquent speech said revision of the Dreyfus case put the obligation upon all the Jews of the world to revise another unjust trial, which ended in an unjust sentence of death and the execution of the victim—namely, of Jesus of Nazareth. The Orthodox Jews present protested vehemently, but a number of young men declared the idea to be worthy of consideration, and they have since formed a society, who call themselves the "Revisionists." To Him every knee shall bow. (766)

Hidden Treasure.

A man died in a poorhouse in London one of the most abject paupers. He had had a little estate in England, but had counted it worthless; and indeed it was, so far as the production of any grain was concerned, for it was anything but fertile. But after his death it was discovered by his heirs that on that piece of ground was a copper-mine, and they who have inherited it are living to-day in luxury. This is the illustration for the Christian. All the time we have had Christ, but, alas! all the time we have failed to appreciate him.—J. Wilbur Chapman. (767)

And Cleanses from all Unrighteousness.

What will bring the day? Quick confession of sin. At a meeting of the college men of the Christian Association of a certain State, when I was speaking of the deadening influence of unconfessed sin upon the life of a Christian, one of the students fairly sobbed aloud in his distress, and at the close of a meeting went to his room in the hotel and wrote this letter:

"Dear Father—Last summer I went to your private drawer and took out twenty dollars. I am not able now to return it, but I write to you to ask your forgiveness, as I have already asked it of God."

When the letter was signed and sealed and dropped into the post-box, the burden of sin rolled away from the heart of that man, and he entered upon a career of Christian service he never had even dreamed of before. Testimonies received concerning him have revealed the fact that God has simply led him from one place of power and victory to another since that time of sharp struggle when the day broke upon him.—The Surrendered Life. (768)

Not our Gifts but Ourselves.

A man made his way to California in the days when gold was being discovered in great quantities, and stayed away from his Eastern home for years, but he never allowed a month to go by when he did not send back to his loved ones some token of his love. The finest pictures were in their home. The finest adornments of every sort were in every room; but

at last after years of separation his wife wrote him, saying, "My husband, we are pleased with your offering, but the time has come when we want you;" and this is what God is saying. We have offered him a little of our time and a very little of our money, and occasionally displays of our strength; but He is saying to us to-day, "My child, I want you and all there is of you; throw yourself into my arms and rest, and I will give you power." (769)

Are You Doing the Best?

"The good is a great enemy of the best." Let me illustrate this proverb. A young man was surveying lands in the oak-openings of Iowa. A Christian surveyor can do good. But it was not the best this man could do. So he ceased surveying, went to Boston, and offered his services to the Baptist Board. Though at first rejected, he finally was accepted and sent to India, to a mission which was almost barren for nearly thirty years. But God so blessed him and his companions that 10,000 were baptized in ninety days. I have often contrasted Mr. Clough the surveyor with Mr. Clough the missionary. He could have done good if he remained in the United States, but not the best. Fitting into God's plan is the best.—Robert P. Wilder. (770)

Our Savior, Our Keeper.

The famous clock in Strasburg Cathedral has a mechanism so complicated, that it seems to the ignorant and superstitious almost a work of superhuman skill. The abused and offended maker, yet unpaid for his work, came one day and touched its secret springs, and it stopped. All the patience and ingenuity of a nation's mechanics and artizans failed to restore its disordered mechanism and set it in motion. Afterward, when his grievances were redressed, that maker came again, touched the inner springs and set it again in motion, and all its multiplied parts revolved again obedient to his will. When thus, by a touch, he suspended and restored those marvelous movements, he gave to any doubting mind proof that he was the maker—certainly the master, of that clock. And when Jesus of Nazareth brings to a stop the mechanism of nature, makes its mighty wheels turn back or in any way arrests its grand movement—more than all, when He cannot only stop, but start again, the mysterious clock of human life, He gives to an honest mind overwhelming proof that God is with him. For a malignant power might arrest or destroy, but only He could reconstruct and restore!—A. T. Pierson. (771)

Hidden Beauty.

An oriental fable represents a crowd of idlers, thronging the market-place of a Syrian city, and looking contemptuously on a dead dog, with a halter around his neck, by which he had been dragged through the dirt. A viler, more abject, more unclean, more repulsive thing does not meet the eye of man, and those who stood by looked on with abhorrence. "Faugh," said one, holding his nose, "it pollutes the air!" "How long," said another, "shall this foul beast offend the sight?" "Look at his torn hide," said another; "one could not even cut sandal-straps out of it." And a fourth spoke of his ears, draggled and bloody; and a fifth declared "he had no doubt been hanged for thieving." But there stood, among the throng, one, a stranger, who had, as they flung their jeers at the dead dog, drawn near; there was a strange light about his face, and in his whole mien a strange dignity and grace. Looking down compassionately upon the dead animal, he said: "Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth." Then the people turned to him with amazement, and said among themselves; "Who is this? This must be Jesus of Nazareth; for only He could find something to pity and approve even in a dead dog!" And in shame they bowed their heads before Him, and went each on his way.—Pierson. (772)

Let us Seek Him, not His Cradle

In the beautiful Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem is shown a curious stone grotto, now covered with the choicest marbles, and the costliest drapery, which is claimed to be the very spot on which Christ was born. A large silver star let into the pavement beneath the altar bears the Latin inscription, "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est" (Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary). In the grotto, but hidden by the beautiful marble coverings, is the manger in which, according to tradition, the Infant Saviour was laid by His mother when no room could be found for them in the inn.—Everybody's Magazine. (773)

Many Coats of Righteousness.

Only three expositions of the Holy Coat of Treves have taken place in the present century. The first was in 1810, when a hundred thousand people passed through the cathedral; the second was in 1844, when the number of pilgrims exceeded a million; and in 1890, the first exhibition after railway traveling had become anything like general, when the numbers exceeded all that had formerly been known. In dying Christ prepared coats or robes of righteousness for all who came unto God by Him. (774)

He is Risen.

Some twenty years ago there was only one spot which laid any claim to be the Sepulchre of our Lord; but during his travels in the Holy Land the late General Gordon made a discovery. By reading the accounts of our Lord's burial in the Scriptures, and comparing the facts there stated with local topography, he came to the conclusion that another sepulchre which he had unearthed was the true tomb of our Lord. It corresponded in every way, as he declared, with the description in the Bible. It was in a garden, and was evidently a "new tomb" from the fact that there were others on either side which were in course of construction, and had never been completed. (775)

The Frenzy of Sin.

But dark scenes have also been witnessed within the old cathedral walls, Notre Dame, Paris, and of these the most notable and daring was when the Deity was declared to be deposed by the notorious Convention, and the ancient edifice was transformed into a Temple of Reason. A celebrated beauty, Madame Maillard, of the Opera, known in more than one character to most members of the Convention, was appointed Goddess of the new religion, and as Sir Archibald Alison says: "After being embraced by the President, she was mounted on a magnificent car and conducted amid an immense crowd to the cathedral of Notre Dame to take the place of the Deity.

"There she was elevated on the high altar, and received the adoration of all present."—Those who worship reason are often the ones who lose it in the madness of sin. (776)

Remission of Sins through Jesus Only.

At certain festivals held in honor of the goddess Bhadra Kali, in the Native State of Travancore, South India, the most strange and striking form which these sanguinary sacrifices take is known as Hook-swinging. The devotees have iron hooks inserted into the fleshy parts of their backs, and are then swung up in the air before the goddess. I think of all the superstitious and cruel ceremonies it has been my lot during my missionary career in India to see or hear of, this one of Hook-swinging is (with the exception of the sacrifices under the car of Juggernaut, now prohibited by the British Government) the most extraordinary. —Rev. Joshua Knowles.—Ritualism, which is infesting England at present is an effort of the same kind in another form to please God with flesh offerings. (777)

Twin Sins.

Herbert Perkins, in his experience with a devil fish, says in the Wide World Magazine:

"Every now and then, slackening up his moorings a bit, the brute would pop its hideous head and wicked looking eyes above the ledge, which by this time was beginning to be covered by the rising tide; but a movement of the outer foot or the waving of my arms always made him bob down again.

"I had been at this game fully half an hour, judging by the rise of the tide, and was having a spell, keeping my feet as wide apart as possible, when to my disgust I felt my other foot seized in a similar way, by another and much smaller octopus, but he was big enough and strong enough, in my then state, to hold me hard and fast. It is firmly believed by our fishermen that starfish hunt in couples. I am inclined to the same opinion now, though I cannot vouch for its correctness.—We sometimes think we can get along with one sin, some pet indulgence. But one sin attracts another. (778)

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

He Will Reward Openly.

There is a trait that is easily cultivated in the horse that is used for public performances. The animal will grow vain of applause. One of my horses, after it is applauded for any feat that is apparently difficult, will slight every other feat that it is called on to go through with. With that horse, after every performance, I am compelled to go through the same feats in private to punish it for slighting those which it lost sight of through being carried away from its duty by the enthusiasm of an audience.—Emil Gautier on The Education of the Horse.—Do we Christians do the things that bring applause, or are we content to work where His eye alone looks upon us? (779)

Ambassadors or Messengers for Christ.

In France, Germany, and Belgium the usefulness of the homing pigeons has long been recognized as a national necessity in time of war. All the military and naval stations are equipped with large and well-fitted cotes, where homers of the first breed are in constant training, carrying messages from one station to another, and in many cases over large bodies of water. As an example of the value of this bird during war time, it is related that during the Franco-Prussian War one bird alone carried into Paris at one time forty thousand messages. These messages, it is told, were written so small that they had to be enlarged by photography before they could be read.—How many messages have we carried to those besieged by sin? (780)

A Tree on a Porch.

The photograph of a tree upon the porch of a cottage was taken at a little village called Clynnog, Carnarvon. In this village there is an old church dating from Henry VII. Close by it is a cottage which was formerly a country inn, and upon the porch a sycamore tree is growing, which has been there for fifty or sixty years. It is supposed that a seedling had blown from the church-yard, where other sycamores grow, and had taken root in the soil collected in the corner of the wall on the porch. There is only a small quantity of soil on the porch, and the roots of the tree must have penetrated through the wall into the earth. No trace of the root is visible. Habits and sins will take root in the least crevice unless we have on the whole armor of God. (781)

Seek Him Early.

Five miles northeast of Lebanon, Warren county, Ohio, there stands a remarkable tree. One can hardly decide whether to call it one tree, a pair of trees or a double tree. There are two distinct trunks to the height of fifteen feet, where they unite to form one trunk which extends to the height of seventy feet. The trunks are five feet apart at the base. One is about fifteen and the other twenty inches in diameter, and the one trunk above is a little

larger than the largest one below. The tree is of the species known as blue ash. Some have conjectured that the Indians may have tied two young trees together to make the support for a wigwam and this caused their union. What an example to tie children to Christ by means of His church while they are yet young. (782)

A Living Fountain.

It is said that the Frazier gun hurls a projectile of a thousand pounds, using five hundred pounds of powder at a blast, and that this projectile may be sent through armor-plate seventeen inches thick; that it is also possible with this gun to throw a shell thirteen miles, and, when the gun is discharged, it is automatically thrown back again for reloading and, when it is thrown back, it charges an air-chamber, which, when the gun is loaded and again released, throws it back again in position. So the gun in use is always being fired and always being charged. This is the picture for the Christian. He is always giving forth of that which God has given to him if he is really God's child; but he must ever be back again at the feet of the Master, receiving a fresh infilling, a new anointing, another vision of the face of the risen Christ. This is the picture of continued blessing always.—Chapman. (783)

Making the Wheels Go Around.

The extraordinary ignorance which the majority of people display in connection with the locomotive, which plays so important a part in their lives, has led the faculty of Purdue University, Indiana, to arrange that special instructions shall be given to the students in relation to this subject. A full-sized locomotive now forms a part of the college equipment. It rests when stationary in its shed upon revolving disks which take the place of rails. The monster may thus be put in operation and the wheels revolve at a speed which would ordinarily carry it along at the rate of sixty miles an hour without advancing an inch.—Many Christians make the wheels go around in the social department of the church, but they do not seem to get any nearer Christ. (784)

A Burden Carrier.

In explaining how farm wagons are taken to the city on electric lines, Everybody's Magazine says that at the transfer points incline planes and elevated rails are placed alongside the car tracks, so as to raise the wagon above the roadway sufficiently to allow the truck to be run under it and the axles to be secured by the grips. Once the wagon is safely lifted on the truck it is whirled away at railroad speed in the direction of the city. Along the route other wagons are picked up in the same way, a regular system of collection being in vogue at Toledo, and by the time the train arrives at the city several wagons are linked together. Roll thy burden on the Lord, is the reading of the marginal note. (785)

MEN AND MENTION.

Go Where You Want Me to Go.

What is consecration? It is simply a consenting to let the life of Christ do what it wants to do in us. And that ought to be a joy and delight. Think out of how many perplexities and doubts and uncertainties it delivers us. I remember in the height of our war, when every one seemed at a loss to know what to do—President bewildered, Congress bewildered. In a parlor at Washington sat Admiral Farragut. Some one was speaking of the uncertainty. Said the Admiral: "I have one great advantage in this matter. I have only to go where I am sent." I think when a Christian quotes that language he is taken out of all bewilderment. (786)

Invitation of a King.

I often think of an incident in the life of Leonard Woods, President of Bowdoin College. When he was in France, he was invited with others to dine with the king—Louis Philippe, I think. They presented themselves at the palace, and entering a large room, went down to meet the king at the other end. The king met them with his accustomed courtesy, and said: "We did not know that we were to have the pleasure of your company to-day. You did not answer our invitation." Leonard Woods said: "We thought the invitation of a king was to be obeyed—not answered." That was one of the wittiest and the readiest things ever said; and it is the Christian thing.

"Theirs not to reason why—
Theirs but to do and die."

—Dr. McKenzie. (787)

Missed His Opportuni y.

In October Metropolitan is an article on Admiral Dewey by W. E. Lewis. "Dewey at Manila," said Captain Evans at the close of a long conversation, "recalls to my mind an incident that occurred in the war with the South. Farragut and his fleet lay down toward the mouth of the Mississippi, completely preventing the passage of the stream by the enemy. Above were several gunboats and iron-clads, reformed tugs and other crafts. These were greatly needed at New Orleans. There wasn't an apparent chance in the world for the Confederate boats to make the trip. One day it happened that the commanders of Farragut's ships undertook a general rehabilitation and repair. Of all the ships on the blockade only one had fires under her boilers and sufficient steam to start her engines. This was the time the Confederates chose to move their boats. Down the channel they came and rounded the bend, not in line of battle but Indian file, like ducks returning from an excursion.

The Northern Fleet was helpless—all but the one craft. Officers and men, in their chagrin, alternated cursing with crying.

"What did the commander of the one ship capable of attacking do?" He overhauled his chest and presently there fluttered and snapped from his signal halyards the inquiry, "Shall I engage the enemy?" No answer came to the commander's question, for no one had taken the trouble to read it. At last he ordered his gig and went over to the flagship to confer. He was met by Ironsides himself.

"'I received no response to my signal—' began the commander who had steam but lacked initiative.

"'Captain,' interrupted Farragut, 'to every man comes an opportunity, once in his lifetime. Yours has passed down the river.'"

Dewey's opportunity found him adequate, and so far from asking for directions, he cut the only line of communication. (788)

ANECDOTES OF DEWEY.

His Footsteps on the Sea.

The victory at Manila was so complete and remarkable that even Dewey himself has since said: "It is strange that we have wrested an empire from the people—Spaniards—with the loss of only a few men. I'm a Christian man, and I say most assuredly that it was the hand of God. I remember when we engaged the fleet seeing shells flying directly at us, and I do not understand under Heaven why we escaped, unless it was through His divine superintendence, so forcibly expressed in the hymn our fathers and mothers used to sing:

"'God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.'" (789)

Kind and Merciful, but Just.

It was not until all the warships had passed in review before the Olympia, at anchor below the beautiful floats representing peace and victory, that the one incident of the day occurred, which showed that with all his geniality the hero of Manila could also be a very stern sailor. In less than a minute after the Chicago had passed the Olympia by the admiral's order a stream of signal flags ordered the vessels of the fleet to dress ship and the crews of the men-o'-war ran up rainbows of signal flags from stem to stern over their topmasts. The order was beautifully executed, except aboard the flagship, where the fouling of the line in the top of one of the stacks caused a delay. Admiral Dewey instantly roared out a command for someone to ease the line. It fouled again, and a nimble sailor was sent aloft to clear it. It was perhaps two minutes before the flags were in their proper places. The admiral was plainly displeased. He sent for the officer under whose direction the order was executed and called him upon the bridge.

"I am ashamed of this," he said in the tone of a sailor giving command in a roaring gale. (790)

How Dewey Broke Down Social Bars.

Miss Thompson, the only newspaper woman at Manila during the siege, has lately returned to America crowned with laurels. She says she owes her fame to Dewey.

"Admiral Dewey is a knight of the old school, I trow," Miss Thompson wrote to a friend in the East. "He heard that I was all alone in the city and that the officers' wives would not notice me because I was a bread-winner; and what do you think he did? He called upon me in state, and dined with me; then I was the first lady in the land."

When the Admiral was asked about the incident, he seemed annoyed but said: "Why, that wasn't anything. Every American woman is the first lady in the land." (791)

About His Country's Business.

"I suppose I have been asked a thousand times to describe the way the Admiral looked and acted on the day of the fight," said Lieutenant Calkins, replying to a question in that behalf, "but I don't know that I am wearied with the telling. On that day, he was cool, alert, intense and silent. If he had framed up any immortal sentence or phrase for the occasion, he kept it unuttered. Indeed, he seemed more observant of his own fleet and watchful of the enemy than occupied with epigram-making. He stood on a light compass platform and had full sweep of everything in the bay and ashore. He wore a duck suit and a golf cap. His manner did not noticeably change all the morning. He took the strain easily, and, if he felt wear, did not show it.

"Did Dewey swear much?" Not extensively. The nearest he came to profanity within my recollection was after he had been engaged the third time. I remarked to the Admiral, 'I think it is damnable that we have not done them more injury.'

"I think it is damnable myself, he answered.

"The Admiral does not lack a complete command of language, either, explained Lieutenant Calkins, "but he did not find it necessary to draw on any reserves of verbal ammunition on this day." (792)

Home with the Admiral.

During Admiral Dewey's recent visit to Gibraltar he visited the U. S. training ship Alliance. In lowering a boat during preparations for the visit, the lanyard of the detaching hook broke while the boat was being lowered and threw one of the apprentices into the water. On being taken into the boat he said his leg hurt, and it was then discovered that the limb was broken.

The boy was taken to the sick bay. The doctor asked if he wanted anything, and the boy, looking around, said:

"I want to see the admiral when he comes on board."

The doctor told him he would ask the admiral to come to the sick bay.

When the admiral went around the ship he saw the boy, and told him it was too bad he

had had the accident, but that they would take him home on the Olympia, the admiral's own ship. The boy's face fairly beamed with pleasure. (793)

A Rainbow from Shore to Shore.

On the day of the naval parade of the Dewey celebration, storm clouds that had gathered down the bay followed close in the pageant's wake. A sharp wind bred white caps even in the narrow river, and a few raindrops pattered on the decks. The glare of an angry sky turned the harbor behind the war-ships to molten lead, upon which the gigantic figure of Liberty seemed to stand for a time and was soon swallowed up in a bank of gray haze. Then the threatening sky relented. The sun broke out ahead and painted across the sullen clouds a rainbow arch that stretched from Manhattan to the Jersey shore. It seemed a bit of nature's art work spread by a kindly miracle at the opportune moment, beggaring man's more humble efforts on shore, but forming a fitting arch of triumph beneath which the victorious admiral sailed to his triumphal anchorage. Charles Dewey, the admiral's brother, said: "It is the Lord's day. He is with us." (794)

Farragut's Flag.

Immediately after Dewey returned from the Sandy Hook the wigwagger on the bridge signaled the fleet to prepare to get under way. The gangways were hauled up and the booms rigged. An old quartermaster hurried a small dark roll of bunting to the main, hand over fist. It hung there while the bugle sounded the call to quarters, and the marines were mustered aft. Then, just as the signal to weigh was given, a pull on the halyards opened the roll and spread the four-starred flag which Farragut flew as he ran the fort in New Orleans. It was the flag which was presented to Dewey. As it broke, sailors at their stations and the marines on the quarterdeck greeted it with the hip, hip, hooray we got from our ancestors. The flag floated proudly all through the pageant that day. It is the most precious possession of Farragut's pupil, and when struck on the Olympia it was probably for the last time, as Dewey will not probably ever take command of a fleet again. Christ said, "It is finished," but the flag of Salvation will never be struck till the day of judgment. (795)

STATISTICAL FACTS AND POINTS.

In 1850 you could buy a man in the Fiji Islands for $7, butcher him, and eat him, without even public remonstrance. To-day the Bible is in nearly every house, and on Sunday nine-tenths of the people may be found assembled in the churches for public worship. (796)

Twenty years ago missionaries were unknown in Uganda, Africa, which contains a population of 10,000,000. To-day there are in that region five hundred Christian churches and six hundred teachers.—The kingdom of heaven is like leaven. (797)

"Uncle George," one of the fifty-five Modoc braves who withstood a thousand United States troops several years ago, and cost the country hundreds of thousands of dollars, recently died at his home in Indian Territory, an esteemed elder in the Friends' Church. What an army could not conquer, Christ's love did. Love subdueth all things. (798)

In the year 1897 the school population of the United States was about 21,082,000. The number of pupils enrolled on the school registers was 14,652,492. In state normal schools, universities and other public educational institutions, there were enrolled 89,587 students. In denominational and private institutions there were enrolled 1,513,016. How many of this army are in Sunday schools. (799)

The admission fees to a recent prize-fight in New York exceeded eighty-five thousand dollars, the largest amount ever received for any single performance. This has been cited as a startling commentary upon the times. Bloody noses and cracked crowns, however, are not the delight of the vast majority of our people, nor are bounce and bluster yet widely accepted as the principal virtues of the world. Paul said that he buffeted his body to keep it under. (800)

The Mission World says there are in the church over 100,000 proselytes from Judaism, and in the Church of England alone 250 of the clergy are either Jews or sons of Jews. The Gospel is proclaimed in more than 600 pulpits of America and Europe by Jewish lips. Over 350 of the ministers of Christ in Great Britain are stated to be Hebrew Christians.—Missionary Review. The Jew first then the Gentile. (801)

The deadly parallel—no saloons for seventeen years in Quincy, Mass.

Last year of license 1881		Last year of no-license 1898
10,855	Population	23,549
$7,560,381	Valuation	$19,236,832
$173,950.00	Savings Bank Deposits	$488,453.56
24	New Houses	236
$15,415.07	For Support of Poor	$8,534.00

While the population increased 117 per cent. the amount expended for the poor department decreased 44 per cent.—Godliness is profitable in all things. (802)

"It seems almost incredible that in the neighborhood of $40,000 in actual cash should have been confided to letters during the last year, and harder still to credit that the most exhaustive efforts failed to find the owners of

one-fourth of that amount," writes Patti Lyle Collins in The Ladies' Home Journal for September. "The envelopes which are addressed are kept on file for four years, blank ones not so long, but in either case a liberal margin of time is allowed for claimants to appear before the money is finally turned into the Treasury to the credit of the Postoffice Department. In addition to the money contained in letters during the same period, something like $10,000 was found loose in the mails. It is officially styled 'loose money.'" How much more incredible is the carelessness in addressing souls and the number of souls that go astray. (803)

The Havana custom-house reports during a recent month show that 337 packages of agricultural implements and 375,988 litres of beer were imported from the United States. Expansion brings graver responsibilities to the church than it does to the nation. (804)

Some very big checks have been drawn in London, but even the employes of the Bank of England opened their eyes pretty wide the other day when the Chinese Minister received a check at the bank for $55,044,300. This was at once placed to the credit of the Chinese Government, and then the Chinese Minister drew a check for $62,500,000, and presented it to the Japanese Government in final payment of the war debt incurred three years ago. It is cheaper to save men than to kill them. (805)

Are you getting discouraged? Read some figures concerning the growth of the kingdom of God in China: In 1840 there were only 3 converts; in 1843 there were 6; 1853, 400; 1863, 2,000; 1873, 7,000; 1877, 13,000; 1883, 20,000; 1887, 35,000, while in 1898 there were over 100,000 Christians in the great Empire of China, a 33,000-fold increase in sixty years. How is that for an investment? (806)

The Growth of Christianity.

(From a United States Army Chaplain.)

If we sum up the encouragement to hope, founded on the success of Christian work, the figures are as follows:

Three centuries after Christ there were 5,000,000 Christians.

Eight centuries after Christ there were 30,000,000 Christians.

Ten centuries after Christ there were 50,000,000 Christians.

Fifteen centuries after Christ there were 100,000,000 Christians.

Eighteen centuries after Christ there were 174,000,000 Christians.

Now there are 450,000,000 Christians.

The followers of the three religions, Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism, all combined, are less in number than the Christians alone.

Including the latest division of Africa among the European powers, about four-fifths of the land of the world is under Christian control. (807)

QUOTED FROM "ISABEL CARNABY."

Note.—Isabel Carnaby is a novel attracting attention on both sides of the world. It is published in America by D. Appleton Co., New York.

Beauty, Art and Grace.

"I suppose you would say," she replied, "that there is no more ennobling influence than beauty."

"Exactly," rejoined the artist, serious for once in his life; "what you call art, is the worship of beauty by the human heart; and what you call religion, is the worship of beauty by the human soul."

Paul turned to his father. "You have not given us your idea yet as to what is really the name of the underlying power which leavens the whole lump of humanity, and which Isabel calls love, and Madderley calls beauty, and Edgar calls individualism, and I call human nature."

"I should call it none of these names," replied Mr. Seaton; "these are but the branches of a root which goes deeper and is stronger than any of them, or than all of them put together."

"Then what should you say is the name of this underlying and yet exalting power?" asked Edgar.

The minister smiled. "I am an old-fashioned man and I use old-fashioned phrases," he said; "I should call it the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ." (808)

God Needs Us.

"I suppose the world could do without any of us," said Isabel sadly, "none of us are indispensable to anything or anybody."

Joanna shook her head. "The world might, but God couldn't."

"But you said that He could."

"Oh! no, I didn't. I said that He could carry on his work without us, which is quite a different thing."

Isabel looked puzzled. "What is the difference?"

"Don't you see? It is like this. When I was a little girl, father always allowed me to open all his letters with a small paper-knife. I used to love to do it, I felt so important, and I imagined that if it had not been for me, that father's letters would have permanently remained unopened. I used to say nearly every day, 'You couldn't do without me, could you father?' and he always answered 'No.' Of course father could have opened all his letters well enough without my help, but he couldn't have done without me all the same." (809)

The Life to Come.

"Then do you think that everyone will be made good-looking in heaven?"

"She said that wealth was a higher gift than beauty," continued Joanna thoughtfully, because it could be used for the benefit of others, while beauty was only a personal possession; and she told me that she had often felt it right to pray to the Lord for riches, because she needed them to carry on His work."

"She never took Him in with that, I'll be bound," murmured Martha, with an ominous shake of her head; "but it was just like her to try it on."

"I suppose we ought not to mind whether we are rich or poor, or handsome or plain," mused Joanna aloud; "for this life is, after all, only one anteroom to the next one. Our happiness or unhappiness here is really a question of no moment; what really matters is whether we are using our happiness or unhappiness as a fit preparation for the life to come." (810)

Too Religious to Err.

"Far from it. There was once great distress in Grampton, owing to bad trade coupled with the deep snow; and Brother Phipson gave a roll of cloth to make clothes for ragged little boys; Brother Phipson being a cloth merchant by nature and a circuit steward by grace."

"It was very kind of him to give garments to the poor," said Joanna approvingly.

"He was but an unprofitable servant, like the rest of ous," sighed Martha: "when we have done all we can our righteousness is but filthy rags hanging on barren fig trees."

"Did your sister cut out all the little boys' clothes?"

"Well, it was in this way, miss, Eliza Ann was such a saint that it would not have been seemly for any other member of the congregation to do the cutting-out while she was present. So she was appointed to the work. But her mind was so full of the last Sunday evening's sermon that she cut out all the trousers for the same leg."

Joanna laughed outright. "I suppose she was in a great way when she found out what she had done."

"Not she, my dear," replied Martha, somewhat reprovingly; "Eliza Ann was far too religious a woman to own to anybody but her maker that she had been in the wrong."

"Then what did she do?" "What was the end of it all?" Joanna asked.

"The end was, miss, that Brother Phipson heard what had happened, and gave another roll of cloth to make other legs; so that all things worked together for good, and there was double the number of pairs that there would have been if the cutting-out had not been by Eliza Ann." (811)

STORIES OF HYMNS.

A Favorite of President M'Kinley's.

The morning before President McKinley left Canton to go to the inauguration, he attended his church. The text that morning was the words, "If any man shall say aught unto you, ye shall say: "The Master hath need of them." There was no more devoted listener that day than the great man upon whom the eyes of the nation were fixed.

One matter of interest occurred. The hymn, number 602 in the Methodist hymn-book, was sung. It reads as follows:

"It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor our's to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

"Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatso'er is willed, is done.

"And our's the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain, and the noon-day shade.

"And where this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease."

Next day, when the board of trustees called upon him, he asked of them as a special favor that they would give him a copy of the book from which he sang the day before, saying that he had marked that hymn and that he would like to have that book. (812)

Rock of Ages.

At the age of sixteen Toplady, the author of Rock of Ages, chanced to go into a barn at an obscure place, called Codymain, Ireland, to hear an illiterate layman preach. The sermon made upon him an unexpected impression and led to his immediate conversion. He thus speaks of this interesting experience in his diary: "That sweet text, 'Ye who sometime were afar off are made nigh by the blood of Christ,' was particularly delightful and refreshing to my soul. It was from that passage that Mr. Morris preached on the memorable evening of my effectual call by the grace of God, under the ministry of that dear messenger, under that sermon, I was, I trust, brought nigh by the blood of Christ, in August, 1756."

Toplady little dreamed that he was composing the most popular hymn in the language when he wrote what he called "A living and dying prayer for the holiest believer in the world." For Toplady was a sad polemist, whose orthodox soul was outraged by the Armenianism of the Wesleys. He put much of his time and energy into the composition of controversial pamphlets, on which the good man prided himself not a little. The dust lies thick upon these his works, nor is it likely to be disturbed now or in the future. But in a pause in the fray, just by way of filling up an interval in the firing of polemical broadsides, he thought he saw a way of launching an airy dart at a joint in Wesley's armor, on the subject of Sanctification.

It was his hymn which the Prince Consort asked for as he came near to death. Mr. Gladstone has translated it into Latin, Greek and Italian. Dr. Pusey declared it to be "the most deservedly popular hymn, perhaps the favorite."

The unfortunate Armenians who were butchered recently in Constantinople sang a translation of "Rock of Ages" which, indeed, has made the tour of the world, side by side with the Bible and the Pilgrim's Progress. It is recorded that General Stuart, the dashing cavalry leader of the Southern Confederacy, sang the hymn with the dying strength, as his life slowly ebbed away from the wounds he had received in the battles before Richmond. When the "London" went down in the Bay of Biscay, Jan. 11, 1886, the last thing which the last man who left the ship heard as the boat pushed off from the doomed vessel was the voices of the passengers singing "Rock of Ages."—Hymns that have helped. (813)

Abide With Me.

This was the Swan song of the Rev. H. F. Lyte. He produced it on the evening of the Sunday on which he preached his last sermon. It is generally used as an evening hymn. It was not so intended. It refers to the evening of life, not to the day, and is more of a hymn for the dying than those about to renew their strength by a night's rest. It was sung at the burial of Professor Maurice, and is in constant use throughout the English-speaking world. Lyte is buried in Nice, and his grave is still sometimes sought out by pilgrims from far across the seas who attribute their conversion to this hymn.

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide:
The darkness thickens: Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, Oh abide with me.
(814)

Just as I am.

This poem, by Charlotte Elliott, so universally known and prized, is associated indissolubly by many with the time of their conversion. Her brother, the Rev. H. V. Elliott, stated: "In the course of a long ministry I hope, I have been permitted to see some fruit of my labors, but I feel far more has been done by the single hymn of my sister's." There is no language or land where the melody of this hymn is not heard. It was first published in the "Invalids Hymn-Book" in 1836. Today it is the most familiar formula on the lips of the Christian evangelist in all quarters of the world. A word fitly spoken, indeed!
(815)

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

The origin of the best known sailors' hymns is interesting, most of them being produced after perilous experiences at sea. Perhaps no hymn is more sung on the water than Charles Wesley's, beginning, "Jesus, lover of my soul. It was written in 1740, shortly after Wesley's return from America to England, and during the first stormy scenes of his itinerant preaching. Whether the figures in the first stanza were suggested by the storms of the Atlantic, which the writer had but recently encountered, or by the storms of human passion, we cannot say. But most of the sea hymns of Charles Wesley were but the unfoldings of actual experiences. In his journal on the Atlantic, he thus describes his spiritual conflicts and triumphs during the storm: "I prayed for power to pray, for faith in Jesus Christ, continually repeating His name, till I felt the virtue of it at last, and knew I abode under the shadow of the Almighty. The storm was at its height. At four o'clock, the ship made so much water, that the captain, finding it impossible otherwise to save her from sinking, cut down the mizzen mast. In this dreadful moment, I bless God, I found comfort and hope, and such joy in finding I could hope as the world can give nor take away. I had that conviction of the power of God present with me, overruling fear, and raising me above what I am by nature, as surpassed all rational evidence." On the storm subsiding, he wrote: "Towards morning the sea heard and obeyed the divine voice, 'Peace, be still.' My first business to-day—may it be the first business of all my days—was to offer up the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving." It is pleasant to think that the thanksgiving took the form of the famous hymn. (816)

MORALS FROM PICTURES AND PAINTERS.

Honored Merit.

In Protogenes, the able rival of Apelles, the arts received one of the highest tokens of regard they were ever favored with; for when Demetrius Poliorcetes was besieging the city of Rhodes, and might have taken it by assaulting it on the side where Protogenes resided, he forebore, lest he should do an injury to his works; and when the Rhodians delivered the place to him, requesting him to spare the pictures of this admired artist, he replied, "that he would sooner destroy the images of his forefathers, than the productions of Protogenes." (817)

Anger is Short-sighted.

In Paris there lives an eminent painter who is economical and sententious, says the Youth's Companion. The other day one of the students broke a pane of glass in the studio window, and replaced it temporarily by pasting a sheet of paper over the aperture.

When the painter came down next morning he thrust his cane through the makeshift, with the remark, "He that breaks pays." None of the class, however, took the hint, and next morning another sheet of paper was pasted across the window. It met with the same fate. And so on the next day, and so on the fourth.

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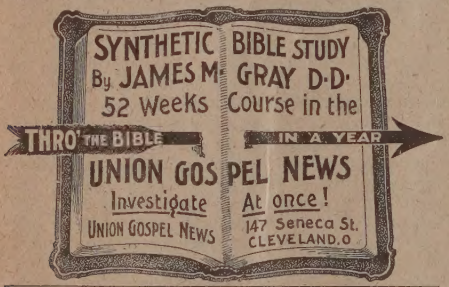

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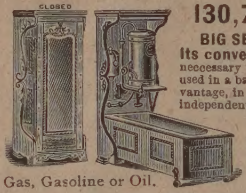

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On the fifth day, when the artist came down, there was the paper as before. Fire flashed from his eyes, and roaring, "He that breaks pays!" he drove his cane through the paper—and through the pane of glass behind it that had been put in by the students, and then carefully pasted over with a sheet of paper.

(818)

FOR A THANKSGIVING SERMON.

A Thanksgiving to God.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Lord, thou hast given me a cell,
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather proof;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry;
Were thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me, while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate;
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,
Who thither come, and freely get
Good words, or meat.
Like as my parlor, so my hall
And kitchen's small;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipt, unflead;
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
The pulse is thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by thee;
The worts, the purslain, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of thy kindness thou hast sent;
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
To be more sweet.
'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
That soils my land,
And giv'st me for my bushel sown,
Twice ten for one;
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day;
Besides, my healthful ewes to bear
Me twins each year;
The while the conduits of my kine
Run cream for wine;
All these, and better, thou dost send
Me, to this end,—
That I should render, for my part,
A thankful heart;
Which, fired with incense, I resign,
As wholly thine;—
But the acceptance, that must be,
My Christ, by Thee.—I. Tim. 6: 5 to 8.

(819)

ing united services on Sundays during the month of August. On the first two Sundays the latter church will be closed, and the remnants of the congregation will worship in the Presbyterian church; and on the last two Sundays this will be reversed. In this way the smaller church will be much encouraged.

(823)

A LUCKY MAN.

How often we hear some say, "I can eat anything."

He is truly blessed whose stomach is strong and healthy, but the stomach cannot long remain in this condition if it is abused. "The constant drop of water will wear away the hardest stone," and the constant abuse of the stomach will in time render it weak and impair the whole system. Health is too precious to be trifled with. It is far easier to keep the stomach strong than to build it up after it has become diseased.

Extreme care should be taken in the selection of food and its preparation.

Few cooks take the pains to properly prepare cereal foods. Wheat contains all the elements of nutrition needed by the human system, but it must be skillfully treated before it is fit for the stomach.

A large per cent. of starch is found in wheat and other cereals, and when this has been converted into dextrin by being submitted to heat for about five hours, it renders it easy of digestion, and brings out all the available nutrition.

The predigested food, Granola, is treated in this manner, the process of manufacture giving it a rich, nutty flavor. Chemical analysis shows that one pound of Granola contains as much food elements as three pounds of beef.

The athlete, invalid, or babe who enjoys a rich, dainty, and delicious meal will find a few teaspoonfuls of Granola with the addition of milk the most enjoyable dish it has ever been their pleasure to eat.

Leading grocers will supply Granola. It requires no cooking, a meal being ready in a second at a cost of one cent a person.

A card bearing your address and that of a grocer who does not sell Granola sent to the Sanitarium Health Food Co., Battle Creek, Mich., will secure you a free sample.

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